THE

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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### HER HAIR!

BY JAY J. BARGENT.

A form with every grace enriched; blue eyes so
sweet and tender;
A charming face, a floating step, that naught
but health could lend her;
A witching curve on dimpled mouth, and ah!
such silv'ry laughter!
But, better still, her glorious hair that's proudly
flowing after.

Rich waving wealth of golden hue, low sloping
from her shoulder,
To catch the sun-ray's brightest touch, and in
its light grow bolder,
Till, as the breeze, with fingers coy, plays in the
heavy tresses,
And tosses on its airy breath those curls in wild
caresses.

Stay, wanton wind, thy careless hand! Be
softer in thy pressure;
Deal gently with my maiden's hair, for 'tis in-
deed a treasure!
No crown of queen, no gems of Ind, e'er gave
such regal beauty—
Perhaps too sacred for my touch, 'tis not, free
wind, thy booty!

And so I envy e'en the breeze that o'er all bounds
transgresses,
Todally unreproached, I ween, amid those sunlit
tresses;
Then "from afar" I'll worship her in silent
satisfaction,
That maiden fair whose glorious hair is her first
grand attraction.

# WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

## The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," "OAKLANDS," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

"Captain Graham killed!" repeating the words like some one striving to comprehend an impossible truth. "Tell me that again," she whispered, hoarsely, "and your fortune shall be made."

### CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE BRIDAL.

Nina DaCosta slept soundly until late the next morning. When she did start up at last it was with such a bewildering remembrance of the past day that she still fancied herself laboring under some strange dream.

She had been sleeping in hay-ricks and under cow-sheds on the greater part of her journey, and now to be in a sheeted bed, with a warm fire blazing on the hearth, was more than she could realize.

She got up, untied her bundle, and put on her best dress, and then she sat down before the fire with a low laugh.

"And to think I might have had this always," she said, "but for those two. Can any one wonder that I hate them? I might even have it now, but that the thought of seeing them *chained* for their crimes is sweeter than all the luxuries of life. And Caspar Lenox! What very creatures of circumstances are we, that he, the soul of honor, the proud, chivalrous boy, should by the treachery of a woman become an outlaw, burning to commit the worst of crimes! The first time I saw him with Arnold Leslie, I would have imagined from his bearing that the crown of a king could not have tempted him from the rigid path of duty. Yet now, renouncing to the world his very name, he bears concealed in his belt the murderous blade, ready to expiate his crime on the gallows if he may but say at last, 'I have punished the betrayer of Leonora Danvers!'

"Arnold Leslie, the son of a great rich man in his native city, found him a sprightly lad, struggling against the poverty that had cramped all his energies, and with a princely liberality had taken him to mighty universities as his friend and equal, never letting his left hand know that his right was dispensing so great a charity.

"'You will pay me back,' the young nabob had said to the young genius, and Caspar Lenox had sworn that he would. Now Caspar Lenox had dared to love Leonora Danvers, the beautiful niece and ward of another prince of that moneyed *bon ton* in America; and she, under bonds of secrecy, had promised him her hand as soon as he should have made an honest start in life; but on a visit to some gay resort, while Lenox worked at his profession, she met the princely patron, Leslie, and decided that he should be her destiny. She sent for Lenox one day, and told him that she loved his benefactor, who, however, would never see her again did he but dream that duty and honor were alike binding her to him, and she prayed him to secure her happiness by pretending that he and she had all the while been but friends. I shall never forget his look when he answered, 'You are free, Leonora; I must secure Arnold Leslie's happiness at any sacrifice of my own.' Selfish as I was I must have had more feeling than she, for I dropped a tear to his sorrows even then, while she married Arnold Leslie the very next day. But I, too, still had my hopes. Louis Dupre would return to his allegiance, and I should be eternally blessed.

"I am sure the fates must have pursued us to avenge the wrongs of Caspar Lenox. Our clever lady became involved in scandals. Leslie grew insanely jealous; she with the nature of Annie Boleyn, and he with much of the tyranny of Henry VIII, and from loving he must have learned to hate her with all the intensity of his nature. Their fierce discords became known to all their friends; going on from bad to worse, until she was found murdered, as the evidence proves, by the very man who had once sworn to love and cherish her. Caspar Lenox knew, and it is to bring him to justice that he is now roaming the continents, while I follow to avenge the unnatural wrongs of Louis on that circe, Miriam——"

"Ah! you are up." It was her landlady who interrupted her in her reverie as she looked in. "Your breakfast has been ready quite a while, and when you are done the gentleman wishes to see you."

The woman's breakfast was a hearty one. She had learned to be selfish, and her idea was that since she must pay for what she ate, it would be well in her to consume the full value of her money; and when she had finished, she tied the remnant in a bundle.

"This is to be my dinner," she was saying, when Caspar Lenox came in.

"So you are thriving to-day?" he began when they were alone. "What do you intend to do?"

"I shall find something," she answered. "Never fear for me; I have not lived all these years for nothing."

"I have been at work," he returned, roughly; "at work with brain and body. I find that a vessel in port starts in a few hours for the West India islands. I had appointed a rendezvous there with Gordon in case I failed elsewhere. It is much nearer the continent of America. Would you like to go? My means are limited, for those who once professed to care for me have no means to help, and must have imagined me dead these many months, but I think I can manage it if you will be content to fare roughly. We might help each other; but to do this one thing is necessary."

"And what is that?"

"The world must believe you my wife."

"What!" she cried, aghast.

"Ah, ha!" he laughed; "we have no tender feeling for each other, and so there is no danger of either of us growing foolish. I wish you to have a right through the law to claim my name. There is no chance of either of us wishing to marry any one else, I presume, so we can go around here to some of these churches and have the legal part of the performance over in a few moments. Then we go our separate ways, unless the purposes of our mutual revenge call us together. To pursue our plans this is necessary. What say you?"

The woman seemed to hesitate:

"Don't be a fool!" growled Lenox. "Do you think my regard for *you* prompts me to this? Woman, you are less to me than the dust beneath my feet, except where you might help me to my revenge! I am sure I shall need you, and you might as well have died on the road yesterday, so far as your being able to overtake Miriam Dupre alone is concerned. You will never do it."

"Don't give her that name!" cried Nina, springing up. "She has no right to it, under heaven! Call her Miriam Roscoe still. Let her disgrace the name her false father gave her, not that. Come, I hesitate no longer. Do as you will, only enable me to find her. Come to the church or the gallows, I care not which it be."

With this understanding they went out together; and thus upon the terms arranged did these two beings, whose bosoms not one impulse of affinity warmed, take upon themselves the sacred names of husband and of wife.

"Will you come now, or wait?" he said, simply, as they went back.

"Wait," she answered. "Were there no other reason, I should not dare permit you, Caspar Lenox, to pay for me on the way, unless assured that I could serve you. Heaven would cast me out for food to the sharks if I did. No, as you said, go on your way, and let me go mine, until you meet me. I shall work for the means here, and then I am coming."

"We will hear from each other, then," he said, "and promise that if either gain tidings of him or of her, it shall be communicated at once."

"Yes," she answered, "I shall be here, and you can send me your address from time to time."

"It will be Nemesis," he replied, hoarsely, "for I shall live to be avenged. And now, farewell!" He clasped her hand, in confirmation of their bond of hatred for others, and that was their adieu.

A few hours more, and the wanderer was on shipboard, out on the blue sea, and Nina roamed alone through the strange town.

She purchased a paper, and applied at a hotel for a servant's place. She talked well and looked brisk. They asked for her papers.

"I have none," answered the adventuress. "I have come a long distance across the country, reaching here only on yesterday. I had an object in coming here, and that being accomplished, I wish eventually to work my way back. See, you can take me a week on trial. Do not pay me anything for that time, and at its expiration, if you are not pleased, I will go."

This was before the landlady and her daughters.

The former hesitated. The week's wages were something; but how could she tell that the woman would not steal twice the value of the amount? There were two girls in the room, to whom the mother turned in doubt.

"Come," said Nina. "These young ladies were speaking of a dance to-night, as I entered. I can save your expenses there. Only let me put a comb in their beautiful hair, and you shall find that I can arrange a coiffure as becomingly as any Parisian *modiste*."

"I am sure, mamma, you might take her on trial," whispered the elder of the daughters. "We were just in despair about our curls. We can keep everything under lock and key until we find her out."

This one accomplishment of Nina's carried the point, and she secured her place. At the end of her probation her ready tact had become invaluable to the household, and she became a fixture. She was declared entirely honest and reliable, and never went out except to the post-office. She had begun to manifest some nervous impatience, however, when, at the end of the third month, she received a letter with a foreign post mark.

She tore off the seal with an eager hand.

This was what he wrote:

"The fox is well nigh unearthed. I have sure tidings of my enemy and of yours. They are both on this side the water, as I suspected, where they hope to escape the past, and to win fresh honors over the grave of an unknown dis-

Lenox thought no more of these beholders than he had done of the wind that had whistled about him on the journey. He had stopped only once to inquire the way to a public hostelry, and on he sped until the doors of the inn were reached. Here he threw the reins to a stable boy, and leaped to the pavement. The horse stood panting for breath and reeking with perspiration.

"Where is the master?" he asked, huskily. "This is as true a horse as ever bore rider. He must be carefully rubbed down and well fed."

"Aye!" muttered a groom to the stable boy, as Lenox turned towards the office. "True, indeed! for had I been the horse to bear such a rider, I should have dashed him among the trees like another Absalom, until he would have been glad enough to take a gentleman's pace. The 'master' would see you whistling before you'd ride a horse of his like that."

Caspar Lenox stepped up to the head groom and delivered the animal, with renewed instructions.

"When will you use him again, sir?" asked the man.

"Possibly in a few hours, perhaps not before daylight; I cannot say. Only have him in readiness." He had moved off a few paces, when he turned suddenly and spoke again. "It is more than probable that in an hour from now I shall wish to obtain of you the fleetest horse and the surest messenger to bear some intelligence of the utmost importance to the sheriff of the courts at Rochester. I will pay well."

"All right, sir; we can supply you."

"I have come here as a stranger, to transact some business that must be done quickly. Do you chance to know the residence of one George Blount, a coachmaker, here?"

"I know of George Blount, a bricklayer by trade," said the man, eyeing him rather more closely.

"Well, a bricklayer in God's name," said Caspar, impatiently. "Let him be what you will, I care not for his profession."

"Nor I," muttered the groom, "for the less any honest man knows of him, in my opinion, the better. Now let me see," he continued aloud; "Joe," to the stable boy, "does not George Blount, the bricklayer, live at the white cottage on the hill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said the groom. "Joe had better go with you in sight. He can show you the house."

"I'll warrant me, the man whose business brought him here, if it be not his own, has a pretty tight rope around his neck to send him at that speed," muttered the hostler; "for it was not love that brought him, I'll swear, and I don't think, from his sullen, handsome face, that it was for money."

Meantime, Joe, the stable boy, trotted briskly on, in some terror, lest the horseman's heavy boots should scrape the skin from his heels, as the stranger kept immediately behind.

"How came you to know the house?" asked Caspar, at length, as he chanced to glance down at the boy.

"I've been there," was the laconic answer.

"So I suppose, you young varmint," said the traveler, hotly, as he fancied that he detected a lurking expression of mischief in the boy's face. "George Blount must have gone down, indeed, to have any need of you. What do you go there for?"

"To show the way, mister."

Caspar Lenox raised his riding whip to strike him a blow, but as the boy had skipped nimbly out of reach, he prudently curbed his rash impulse, and forbore.

"No trifling with me, boy, as you value a whole hide. What did you ever do there?"

"Drove up the cow."

"And the cow was guided by an ass. Do you see the owner of the house—the bricklayer?"

"No," said the boy, looking innocently up the street.

"Fool! what is he like. Did you ever see him?"

"He is about your opposite, mister; for he looks grummer than he is, and you——"

"Boy, by the Lord Harry, you are trifling with the wrong man. I shall be provoked into thrashing you directly, until you will be more hurt than you ever were in your life. Play off your lame jokes on me again at your peril. And now see if you can hurry on."

The boy looked up at the man's darkened face, and seemed right glad to escape with the threat; for he took good care to keep out of arm's reach for the rest of the journey. He soon saw, however, that the stranger had grown oblivious of his presence, and followed, mechanically, wrapt in thought.

A little while and the stranger hailed him again.

"How far now, boy?"

"A couple o' hundred yards, sir."

"Umph! I might have ridden, and brought you to take the horse back again. I was less fatigued climbing the Bernese Alps on foot. Do you know any one at the house we seek?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"The cook."

"The boy is a born fool," muttered Lenox, angrily; "yet he seems shrewd, too. Now, fellow, you don't chance to remember a certain Wallace Dare and his wife who once lived for a while in the house with them?"

"Don't I? Well I guess I do, though. It has been nigh on to three years now."

"Did you ever see the lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what was she like?"

"Like!" This time the boy's face was irradiated through the dirt that besmeared it. "She was like an angel, sir; but a sorrowing angel, who had come out of heaven and could not get back again."

"The devil!" muttered Lenox. "His tongue runs without oiling when he wills it. Did you ever speak to her?"

"Yes, mister."

"Ha! she took your milk, I suppose," he continued, with a sneer.

"No, sir; she took notes."

"What notes?"

"Notes from the young man with the beautiful horses. Mr.—Mr.—ah! I forgets."

"Did the people here say he loved the lady?"

"Dunno 'bout that," replied the boy. "They said as how her husband treated her very hard."

"Well, the notes were for her; did she answer them?"

"Sometimes."

"Is this the house?"

"Yes, sir."

He gave the boy a shilling, which he received with a conventional "Thank ye," and hurried off again in the direction from whence they had come.

Lenox then walked briskly on, until he stood in front of the rather pretty thatched cottage that had been pointed out; when he gave a loud rap at the door. A coarse voice said rather gruffly "Come in," and Lenox, without further ceremony, pushed the door open and walked in.

Two men were seated at a small deal table playing cards. As one of them looked up, he arose to his feet with an oath.

"Caspar Lenox, by Jupiter!" he cried. "When did you come, and where did you come from?"

"Softly, Paine," said Lenox, with a grim smile. "That would take me a longer time than I hope to be able to give you this evening. This is Mr. Blount, I think?"

"Yes."

The two men shook hands.

"I must be brief, and state my business first," said Lenox, and he entered at once upon the subject of Wallace Dare's trial.

"Where is Dennis Foley's wife?" he asked, abruptly, when he had explained a little. "I want her for a witness."

"Why, we've kept her back a little," said Paine, with another oath. "Some of us might be so situated some day. Women folks are the d——l when you once get them up. Give the poor fellow a chance for his life, I say."

"I tell you," exclaimed Lenox, savagely, "this Wallace Dare is the only man on earth I really hate; but I would gibbet half the men in New York with my own hands, before I would have him escape."

"You have not grown more amiable since I saw you. What new thing has called up your vengeance?"

"It has never slept. It was I who

### CHAPTER XI.

OVERTAKEN.

Arnold Leslie had been dead to the world for eight years past.

One year after his marriage he had lost his fortune, and, overcome with shame, had studiously renounced the name he had inherited from his ancestors, and removed with his wife to a distant city. Their friends, or those who had been such, believed, and, perhaps, hoped that they were both in their graves, with the exception of Captain Gordon or James Graham, Caspar Lenox and one or two others whom we may presently introduce.

In this city, Arnold Leslie had been always known as Wallace Dare. Here, some two years previous to the opening of our story, his wife had been found dead, under circumstances which pointed emphatically to him as the perpetrator of the deed. He had, naturally, fled from the pursuit of justice, but under the vigilance of Captain Gordon and his employers, it had at length overtaken him. They alone were aware of the fact that the name by which he and his crimes became known to the public, had only been assumed within the last few years. Caspar Lenox knew that there were unsurmountable reasons why Arnold should suffer under his new name rather than resume the old, or appeal to his former friends, and he himself would perish rather than have one word revealed that might open any possible avenue of escape.

Lenox hurried to Rochester, and found, to his dismay, that one of the principal witnesses was absent.

His friend, Ned Paine, who alone could give the required information, was in S—— for a day or so. S—— was a country town some twenty miles distant, with no regular mode of conveyance except at long intervals. So Lenox procured a swift horse, and started off in hot haste.

Nearly two hours later he dashed at full gallop into the town. The good, easy-going inhabitants stared after him, as though they expected to hear the cry "stop thief" echoing from behind him. They could scarcely conceive the possibility of a rational man scudding over the town at such a rate for any other reason than to escape a prison, or to fetch home a doctor for some dying member of his family. But Caspar

caused his arrest. I have hunted him down. And I tell you, so surely as we are living men, Dennis Foley's wife must be produced."

"What would you do? Hang the poor devil?"

"No, a thousand times no! Death would be too light a penalty. With the parting of my lips I could hang him, but I will not do that. Let him have, at least, twenty long years of penal servitude in a State prison. Let him drag out all the vigor of his manhood there, and when gray hairs and decrepitude have overtaken him, let him come forth to be blinded by the light of God's free sun, to wander up and down the earth with the curse of Cain upon his brow. His hand against every man, and every man's hand against him; that is what I live for."

"It's a devil's purpose," said Ned, emphatically, bringing down his heavy fist upon the table. "And d——n me if I'll aid you in it!"

"Nor I," said the bricklayer, doggedly.

"I never could see what made you so hard on that fellow," pursued Ned, growing bolder. "He is a cursed sight the best of us all, if he did wring a jade's——"

"Hark ye!" cried Lenox, savagely, springing up, with a pistol in each hand. "Don't take that woman's name upon your lips, or you'll be in —— before you could wink an eye. I know you both, and all your little game. I've heard the whole of that Hampden affair, and I could have had the police down on you at my heels, but I did not wish it. I preferred that you should help me. The world has not treated me so kindly that I need avenge its wrongs. Look here, Ned, the woman who claims me as her son, and with whom you know I must find a shelter, affords you an asylum, also. I don't ask what is carried on there. I don't care. Help me in this, and you shall come and go as you will. I will aid you when I can; but refuse, and by the Lord, I will betray you, though I should hang the next hour at your side."

The two outlaws together were not half so desperate as Lenox just now. They looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"It is true," said Paine, at last. "We can't afford to break just now. And, d——n me, if I don't always need you more than you do me. You want Mary Foley?"

"Yes."

"When will you need her?"

"To-day is Monday. She must be in the court-room by Wednesday, at farthest."

"Well, she is in New York. You will have to telegraph, and in person, to-night."

"I must then hurry back. I will get a fresh horse, and have the one I rode sent back to-morrow. Give me the address."

He took it down in writing, and rose again.

"I trust you," he said, "because, as you remarked, we cannot afford to trifle with each other. When will you be back in the city, Ned?"

"In a few days. I cannot tell."

"You are nowhere so safe as there; but I have no time to parley. I must be gone," and he strode forth, with even less of ceremony than he had used on entering.

"Ha!" he smiled grimly, as he walked on, "how I surprised them in their den, and by a bold stroke ascertained their guilt. I knew I should find Paine there."

By nine o'clock he was again in Rochester, and had dispatched to the very ambiguous address given, with entirely satisfactory results.

## CHAPTER XII.

MIRIAM DANVERS IN IMMINENT PERIL.

Never was anxiety more strongly depicted upon a human countenance than upon that of Miriam Danver, as her carriage dashed through the streets.

She had leaned back upon the cushions for a few moments, with that dread look again which had alarmed Allaine at their interview earlier in the morning; but arousing herself with a resolute effort, she lifted her head and looked eagerly out, the color coming back to her cheeks.

"Oh! if after all, I should be too late!"

She took out her watch and looked again. It was fifteen minutes past eleven.

"A woman might be there before me, or she would wait an hour later if her bonnet strings were not well tied; but men, especially of the stamp of this Philip Danvers, are always punctual to the hour. They count time as money. Just heavens! how I am beginning to hate him! My unfortunate mother could not have been bitterer than I. Does he know my real position here? Does he understand what I have sworn? Poor Eugene, his simple-hearted, trusting goodness might have disarmed even me, but for this hateful old man. Are circumstances always to make of me a bad woman, I wonder?"

"Are you quite certain it was twelve, Allaine?" she asked.

"Quite sure, madam."

"And at his own rooms?"

"That was the agreement."

"If there has been any misunderstanding or change in the programme, we are lost. I wonder if any other business could have taken Mr. Danvers from home, and how long he has been gone."

"It was not quite nine when he went out, madam; I saw him from my window."

"Was any one with him?"

"Only his man, Parks."

"Then he will go for an attorney first."

She took out the check which Eugene had given her, and examined it carefully. She was deliberately calculating the uses to which it might be put. If she could only see Captain Graham, she might influence him, very readily, to accept from herself the terms which he had agreed upon with Mr. Danvers, for, making the pecuniary advantages the same, she felt a proud consciousness that her own youth and beauty would turn the scales in her favor.

"But," she thought, with tightly compressed lips, "if the worst should come to the worst, and I find them together, I have but little hope of retaining my power even over Eugene after that. I will drive at once to the bank, draw this money, and get away as I can. I am very sure I could not bear to see him if—if he were made to believe me as guilty as they would have me appear. But would Eugene believe it? And he has another fifty thousand, he told me; besides I have never thought he was very strong since the spell he had just before poor Louis' death, when I was fortunate enough to nurse him sometimes. Ah! there was my mistake. I ought never to have married Louis. I should never have thought of a poor man, save to pity him. Ha! what is it?"

The carriage had stopped.

"We are within a few doors of the number, madam," said the driver.

"Well, take this card. Ask for the gentleman's rooms. Learn if he be there alone, and bring me word as speedily as possible."

The man received his instructions and hurried off.

Fortunately, Eugene had secured her a hired carriage, so there would be no chance of attracting the especial attention of Mr. Danvers, should he chance to pass. She took the precaution to draw up the glasses, however, and partially lower her own veil.

"The gentleman is not in, miss." The driver had returned.

"Not in!" she cried, with a vague fear.

"So the porter and the landlady both told me."

Miriam looked at her own attendant with stupified dismay.

"What is to be done?" asked the latter.

"Get out," whispered Miriam, hurriedly, "and go yourself. I had rather not send so many messages through the driver. Find out if this be true—where he has gone, if possible, and when he will be back. Keep your veil down in case Mr. Danvers should surprise you there."

Allaine got out as desired, and moved on. Mrs. Danvers drew back once more, and one might have fancied, from the expression of her face, that she was engaged in prayer.

"Fate would be too cruel to deny me now"—she was thinking—"now, when the means of rescue are so wonderfully placed in my hands. With this money I may induce him to leave the country forever, and as the wealth of these people is almost inexhaustible, I may even promise to send him stated sums at regular intervals. He could not fail to see the advantages to himself of accepting my terms. Philip Danvers is not a man to be imposed on. He would pay this creature for his testimony, with a feeling such as the Sabines must have had when they rewarded Tarpia for her treachery, and then he would be done with him. He could have no hope of recognition or favor after that, while his claims upon me would be ever recurring and always obligatory."

She was beginning to be impatient for Allaine's return.

"See how she loiters!" she mused again. "Any woman who believed less in the sublimity of her luck than I do, would give over in hopeless despair. And really, few of the chances of life could ever appear more unfortunate. To think of this fellow, of all the days in the year, happening to be at the depot on yesterday, and seeing me—the man of all others that I would have taken a trip across the equator to escape. And then, that he should have made his disgusting appearance last night, when the attention of the whole *monde* here was fastened directly upon me. I was startled out of all self-control, and for one of the few times in my life, my face, I know, betrayed my dismay. Then, too, if ever unscrupulous villainy was written in the countenance of a human being, it may be traced conspicuously amid all the easy assurance of James Gordon, or Graham, as he may choose to call himself. The suspicions of a more confiding man than Philip Danvers would have been aroused."

Meantime Allaine had proceeded directly to the public entrance of the second-class boarding-house, indicated by their driver, and without ringing for admittance, had walked confidently into the hall. The porter, passing in a hurry, saw a lady rather handsomely dressed before him, and came up.

"Is there anything you wish, madam?"

"Yes! I desire to see Captain Graham who boards here."

"He's not in, ma'am."

"But he was to be here this morning by appointment, on a matter of the utmost importance. I am sure you must be mistaken."

"He went out as soon as he had taken his breakfast, and has not yet returned. I say, Tom!"

This was to the head waiter, who was crossing from the dining hall.

"Tom, Captain Graham has not come in?"

"That's a funny question for you, when you've been at the door all the while," returned Tom. "You know he has not."

Here the landlady, attracted by so many voices, looked out from the reception room.

"What is it, Alpheus?"

"A lady to see Captain Graham, and he's not in."

The landlady eyed the stranger suspiciously. She herself was a respectable widow, and the captain had been making himself particularly agreeable. He had seemed that morning especially in love with himself, his breakfast, and everything about him. Besides, she had taken up the idea that the captain was rather disposed to be gallant; and this visit from a better looking woman than herself was not calculated to allay her fears.

"Well, you stated, you say, that he is not in." Her tone was very reserved.

"But did he say nothing?" questioned Allaine, rather eagerly. "He was to be here by appointment this morning. Did he leave no word? Did he say where he would go?"

"My gentlemen boarders are not in the habit of informing me where they go when they leave my house," replied the landlady, frigidly; "neither are ladies accustomed to call on them here. Captain Graham mentioned to me, as he went out to drive some half hour since, that he had an appointment with some *gentlemen in his room* at twelve, and that they were to be shown up if they chanced to get here first. He said nothing of any other callers."

"And you don't think he will be back before twelve?"

"Not a great while, I should judge, as it now wants but half an hour of the time."

The stranger had turned quite pale, and seemed very nervous.

"It is unfortunate," she stammered. "I——"

"Do you know Captain Graham?" asked the landlady again, with increasing displeasure.

"Oh, yes," answered Allaine; "I know him very well."

"You will not wait, I presume?" continued the proprietress. "You can leave a message with me, or with Tom, if you prefer."

The stranger did not notice the insinuation.

"I have no message," she said faintly, turning to go.

"Your name then, if you please, that I may inform him who has called."

"That is unnecessary also."

The landlady stepped back and slammed the door angrily between them.

Allaine returned to her mistress.

"In the name of heaven, have you seen him? Where have you been?"

"Ah! madam, all is lost, I fear. It will be impossible for you to see him. He has gone out to ride with some one, and left word that he would not be back *before twelve*."

"Then all is over, indeed." She had begun to shiver like some one in an ague. Allaine attempted to wrap a heavy shawl about her.

"For God's sake, have done!" cried Miriam, harshly. "All the fires in creation could scarcely warm me now. I am frozen to the very marrow of my bones."

"Madam, you are ill!" cried Allaine, now seriously alarmed. "Let me call some one. Suppose anything should happen here?"

"Peace, fool!" exclaimed her mistress, bitterly. "Have you not lived long enough to know that nothing of this sort kills? Would to heaven that it could!"

In those few angry, despairing words, all the real misery of her position was betrayed. And thus, so surely as we live, even where an earthly law may not overtake us, do the secret enemies of our lives recoil upon our own heads, and bring the retributive punishment even here, that the unchangeable decrees of the Great Dispenser of Justice have ordained.

Miriam Danvers felt at this moment that she would joyfully give up wealth, position, beauty, intellect, and all, could she but change places with the portly, red-faced, honest, smiling shop-woman, who looked out from a door just in front of them.

"What will you do, madam?"

"Wait here, and trust to the chances of his coming first. Here, take my purse, and go into the shop across there. You can be buying something, that our stay here may not seem without an object."

Left alone, Miriam took the opposite seat, and looked anxiously up and down the street.

"If I can but buy him off," she repeated over and over again. "I might then count on Eugene's devotion, and brave this old graybeard through all the investigations that he can make. No one can have information that would shake his faith except this man. This man, may Heaven's wrath blight him! He has pursued me like some avenging demon. I could laugh at Nina DaCosta's jealous fury because I took her lover from her, bitterly as I now regret that he did not remain true to her. I could almost forgive Caspar Lenox, the only man who ever slighted and despised me, could I but hold my position here and queen it, as I would do, over that Danvers house without fear of exposure; but now the dread of betrayal must torture every hour of my existence. He was a daring, unscrupulous soldier, and escaped a thousand imminent perils in the army. Could not a single blade of the barbarians have been found kind enough to have removed him?"

The hurried passing of a carriage caused her to start eagerly and look out once more. The glittering equipage halted in a few moments, and the dead whiteness returned to her lips, as she saw Parks open the door, while Mr. Philip Danvers and a strange gentleman got out. A glance of the deadliest hatred flashed from her eyes as Mr. Danvers crossed the pavement. Indeed, Tullia never gave orders more eagerly to her coachman, to drive over the prostrate body of poor old King Ancus, down that "wicked street" of Rome in years long gone, than Miriam Danvers would now have done, could she have trampled this man's life out in the dust, and escaped the punishment of such an act.

She watched the two men as they went up the steps together, saw them holding a moment's parley with the porter, and then disappear within the house. They were going to wait.

Never had any crisis of her life so tried her. It was over, and she saw that she had lost.

There was a certain calm dignity in her demeanor even now, if it was the calmness of despair.

She looked out and beckoned the coachman again.

"Slip into the store and ask the lady if she is not ready. I am tired and cold."

He came back in a moment followed by Allaine, who had several small parcels in her arms.

"You have enough," said her mistress, in a voice that sounded strangely unmusical for her. "Get in quickly. We will hardly afford to be so lavish for the future."

"Is there no hope, madam?"

"None here."

"Have they all come?"

"Don't question me; I must think. Mr. Danvers and his legal friend are there, that is quite enough. James Graham will be there soon enough. He will not linger with a bait of fifty thousand dollars within his grasp."

"Where now, madam?" It was the coachman questioning this time. She gave the directions calmly.

"I shall get out at the bank and draw this money," she said, when they had started off. "With that I suppose I need never suffer. We will take the cars later."

"You will surely return to your home first, madam?"

"I have said not. Of what use could that be?"

"You do not know what will happen. They may not come to terms. Your husband still adores you, he may trust you through all."

"He *might* not."

"Then, my dear lady, there is Master Cecil, you had surely forgotten him."

"For the moment, yes; but that will not alter my purpose. The child is certainly innocent. Eugene loves him truly. He will protect and cherish him all the more for my sake, when I am gone, and if ever it suits my purpose, I can send for him."

"Cold, cruel, heartless to the last extent," muttered Allaine, under her breath. "What is to become of her?"

Mrs. Danvers got out, and passed with head erect into the bank.

The officers arose simultaneously. The influence of this woman's beauty was magical.

She presented her check.

"I wish, if possible, to obtain the money at once."

The amount was considerable for a single draft. What could she want with it; and her husband not with her? They held a brief consultation. The president of the bank was blind in one eye. "You are Mrs. Eugene Danvers?" he questioned, leaning over the counter.

"I am, sir," answered Miriam Danvers, haughtily.

"Is there any one near whom we could send for to identify you?"

"Sir!" Miriam had thrown back her veil, and an angry flush appeared upon her beautiful face. It was very beautiful, certainly, but for such a sum of money these men could not trust it.

"No one here presumes to doubt your identity," explained the officer, with his best manner, "but at the same time you are personally unknown to us, and it is not business. We are sorry to trouble you, but will you be kind enough to ask your husband, or some one known to us, to call with you."

"I cannot!" cried Miriam in a tone of keen anguish, while she turned so pale that they examined Eugene's signature afresh. "There will not be time, and my note will be protested."

She did not say what note.

"Mr. Philip Danvers is usually but a few blocks from here," explained one of the gentleman. "We can send for him in a very few moments."

"He is not in town," answered Miriam, in fresh terror. "The case is very urgent. Eugene—Mr. Danvers will be much annoyed. Can you not let me have the money?"

"We are sorry to refuse you, madam; but it is so against our rules that we could not break them."

Mrs. Danvers turned so pale, that they feared she was about to faint.

"Will you give me a glass of water?" she asked, in a husky tone.

It was brought in a moment, while one of the gentlemen placed a chair, of which, however, she took no note.

"We are deeply grieved, madam. We hope you will be able to return before bank hours are over."

When she had drank a mouthful of the water, she returned the glass and went out; she felt sure that she would not come back.

The hopelessness of her look told Allaine that she had failed here, too. A bank officer had come out to assist her in the carriage, but she did not see him.

"What will you do now?" asked Allaine.

"God knows," cried Miriam, brokenly; "I do not. We had better drive to the river and drown ourselves, I think. I don't see any other possible way. Tell the driver to go there. I care not where. I must have time to think."

They were soon rattling on again; but they had proceeded but a few moments, when she looked out.

"Stop!"

She once more named Captain Graham's address, and they turned back. The confidential attendant wondered what this could mean, but the face of her mistress forbade any questions.

It had occurred to her that she would see Captain Graham, and learn, if possible, exactly what had passed between him and Mr. Danvers, and what she had to fear. She looked at her watch, and was surprised to see that it was only one o'clock. He would still, of course, be revealing the particulars of his hateful story to Mr. Danvers; but she could wait until the latter came out, and then try her last desperate venture. Her fate would be decided soon enough. She did not care to hurry now.

Mr. Danvers' carriage still stood before the door.

"At this very moment," she thought, "he is listening to the hateful story of my life." She had been above the house in the morning. She chose her position below it now.

She had been sitting for some moments with her head upon her hand, imagining that she might have quite a time to wait, when three or four carriages drove past her, and likewise halted in front of Captain Graham's boarding-house. Could that have anything to do with *her* affair!

Some of the men had got out, and appeared to be lifting something into the house. It did *not* concern her what that could be, and in a few moments she was again lost in thought. The footman had got down and walked away. Quite a number of persons had gathered in front of the boarding-house door.

"Madam," said the coachman, looking in, "that is quite a bad accident down there."

"What accident?" she asked, wearily.

"The gentleman for whom you were inquiring this morning has been killed."

"Killed! what gentleman? I do not understand."

"Captain Graham had gone out this morning to drive with a friend. They were both a little drinky, it is thought; and their horses being very brisk they were thrown out. Captain Graham's head struck a curbstone, and he was instantly killed."

"Captain Graham killed!" she repeated the words over to herself, in a vacant sort of way, for a moment, like some one vainly striving to comprehend an impossible truth. Then the light flashed upon her like inspiration, and her whole face became irradiated. She thrust her pocketbook upon the driver.

"Tell me that again," she whispered, hoarsely, "and your fortune shall be made."

The man drew back, alarmed with the idea that the pretty lady had suddenly lost her mind.

"Do you hear?" said Miriam, seizing Allaine by the arm until the latter winced with the pain. "It is impossible. Will heaven help me thus?"

"Pray be quiet, madam," said Allaine, looking shocked. "Mr. Danvers must be still there, and he will be disappointed. He will not be so likely to notice me; let me go and see."

She left the carriage and, advancing near the house, addressed a man on the pavement before her.

"Is it true that Captain Graham has been killed?"

"If ever a man was, yes." Seeing that he had been spoken to by a lady, the individual addressed took off his hat.

"And he has not been home to-day?"

"He went out after breakfast and never came back. There were some gentlemen waiting in his room to see him when we took him up."

"Are they there still?"

"Yes; though I believe they are about coming out. Some public men on business."

She had got back to her mistress just as Mr. Danvers and his friend came out. As the carriage passed them Miriam saw that they both wore a depressed, disappointed look. Suddenly the smile came back to her lips.

"You may go home now," she said to the driver, quite composedly, as she handed him a liberal donation. "And," she murmured, while once more she arranged herself in her seat, "after this I need never despair. I may undertake to hold my own against you now, my honored *beau pere*, in spite of all that you can do."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FALLING INTO THE TRAP.

BY ROSE WOOD.

Amos Whitney was a bachelor between thirty-eight and forty years, and had never exhibited any sign of the "tender passion" until the return of Kitty Kelley from boarding-school—a bright, black-eyed girl ever up to mischief, yet with as true a heart as any girl in the place. We may add, she was a favorite. She had lost her father about two years previous, and since that time had been away to school.

On her return from school, Mrs. Kelley, to show off her daughter (as well as herself), concluded she must have a little gathering of friends: and when the invitations were sent around Amos Whitney found himself among the invited. The evening of the party at length came and went; and Amos Whitney went home only to pass a sleepless night. In vain would he repeat the multiplication table and the alphabet from beginning to end, but not from end to beginning; for before he was half way back, a vision of white muslin would float before his eyes, driving away all thoughts of sleep, until his burning eyelids reminded him it was late in the night; but again the events of the evening passed before him, and he saw that conceited fop, Mr. Allen Newton, forever hanging around the object of his attachment, talking all kinds of nonsense, and she listening and laughing as though he really said something witty.

It was too much for a man like him to bear. If he had not *verbally* given her to understand his sentiments (for how *could* he, with that curly headed Allen forever close by), she might know, from the many admiring glances he cast towards her, that he was not altogether indifferent to her charms. Never mind, though; Kitty was a sensible girl, and he knew she would prefer a fine-looking bachelor with a large, well-stocked farm, to that silly, conceited fool—*that she would*—and, as the first streak of dawn appeared, Amos fell asleep.

Allen Newton left the place soon after the party, much to the relief of Amos, who, taking advantage of his absence, now became a regular visitor at the Widow Kelley's.

He wanted very much to unburden his heart to Kitty; but when he was alone with her, all his studied eloquence fled, not to return until some interruption; and then, alas! it was too late.

Poor Amos, he would go home blaming his stupidity, resolving to disclose all the next opportunity—yet when that opportunity came, it was attended with the same results.

At last he firmly resolved to give Miss Kate a hint of his intentions, let her take it as she would. So, meeting her one Sunday evening, he asked her permission to attend her to church.

She was spending the evening, she said, with her mother at a friend's, and would go with them to church; but if he particularly wished it, he might attend her home.

That was satisfactory enough, and Amos felt the day was his.

The church bell rang, and Amos, dressed with the utmost care, was among the first that passed beneath its door. Soon the congregation gathered; and there was the identical well-known bonnet, but a cruel black veil was thrown over the side next to him, hiding from his view the face; but no matter, that was Kitty.

When the service was over, Amos made his way after the hat, offering his arm, which was taken, the two wending their way down the street. Neither of them spoke a word. Amos' heart was too full, and the lady's, too, of wonder. They had now reached the gate, when Amos, raising the hand of the fair creature to his lips, said:

"I thought when we left the church, dear Kitty, to tell you how much I love you, and to ask your sympathy; but my heart is too full. I will call to-morrow, with your permission."

Receiving an affirmative answer, they parted with light hearts, one to dream of a young, loving wife, and the other of a large farm, splendid dairy, and with everything comfortable around her.

Allen Newton (who had returned late in the evening) stood in the church door looking bitterly after the retreating forms of Amos and his belle, when he suddenly turned and saw approaching him a lady dressed in mourning. Coming near him, she threw aside her veil, and disclosed the features of Kitty Kelley.

"Why, Kitty!" he exclaimed, at the same time offering his arm; "I was about to doubt your constancy when I saw Amos going off with a lady I supposed to be you. Tell me, are you not playing off one of your pranks on him?"

"Why, no; he asked me this evening if he could go with me to church. I told him I should be with mamma and a lady friend going, but as he wished particularly to speak with me, he might return with me: and then, without giving my reasons, I asked ma to wear my bonnet to church, and I wear hers; so you see he did not go with me, but passed close by me and walked with another lady whose name is also Kitty Kelley."

"Well, my little bird," said Allen, pressing the little hand to his lip, "you have played that joke on him nicely, as well as rid me of my rival; but here we are at the gate. Now don't ask me to go in this time, for my sister awaits me at home, and she is alone. Good-bye;" and he kissed her pure white forehead.

Next evening Amos Whitney found himself seated alone with Mrs. Kelley.

"Mrs. Kelley," said he, breaking a long silence, "I have come to ask you a boon, which, if granted, will make me one of the happiest of men."

"Say on," she replied, "I shall not dash your happiness."

"Then, my dear madam, I ask permission to visit your angelic daughter, and if possible, win her love?"

"Mr. Whitney," replied the widow, "do you mean to insult me? Only last night you asked if you might visit me, and to-day ask if you can visit my daughter."

The scene was now ludicrous. The widow, who had risen from her seat, was standing before him trembling with anger, and he scarcely knowing whether he stood on his head or feet. But soon he gained his self-possession and said:

"I asked permission to visit you last night? Why, madam, I declare I only saw your daughter, and I attended her from church."

Perceiving the mistake, said she: "I see all now, Mr. Whitney. Kate and I exchanged bonnets last night. Pardon my hasty words, and we will say no more about this mistake; but let me tell you, I am surprised at a man of your sense and age to think of marrying a child like Kitty—and besides, she and Allen Newton will very soon be united!"

After awhile Amos, too, saw the folly of marrying such a young person; but he saw no folly at all in marrying a handsome widow, and the same day Kate Kelley, Junior, became Kate Newton, Kate Kelley, Senior, became Kate Whitney.

Here we drop the curtain.

## A "DOUBLE" BRIDE.

A very curious story comes to us from China. A bride was on her way in a sedan-chair from the house of her parents to her husband's abode. Passing through a graveyard, the bearers of the chair noticed that their burden grew heavier. This, however, they ascribed to fatigue. On reaching the bridegroom's house, though, what was the dismay of the honest folk to find, on opening the chair, two brides instead of one. Two spick, span new brides, alike even to a hairpin! Confusion reigned, and polygamy was imminent. Better counsel prevailed, however, and the about-to-be mother-in-law appeared and instituted a searching investigation. But even maternal eyes and instinct failed, and the old lady was obliged to give it up in despair, being heard to declare, *sotto voce*, that she "never knew that girl was twins before." Just at this moment a bright thought occurred to the father. He remembered that his girl was what the Chinese call "rip snorter" at weaving, and he forthwith suggested that the two girls be set to spinning, and the one who came out last be declared to be "t'other." No sooner said than done. The girls were put in separate rooms, and the materials for spinning placed at hand. The doors were locked, and watch and ward kept over them by the anxious parents and all the old ladies of the neighborhood. When the day was done the doors were opened and the work examined. Wonder of wonders! Both girls had done the same amount; neither had a thread more or less than the other. The poor father pulled his pig-tail and tramped about in a very indiscriminate way, while the mother sat down disconsolately in a corner and addressed the assembled company as "hussy." At last accounts the matter was still in a very mixed condition. Nobody is able to tell which is which, and the would-be bridegroom, unwilling to cast himself away on a duplicate, has gone to California to ease his aching heart in the "washing pigeon," at San Francisco. The "Master of Heaven" has been summoned to drive away the devil that haunts the bride. In view of this true and veracious history, who will say that life is not a dream, and who is willing to cast a first stone at our Puritan ancestors of Salem witchcraft memory?

THE STREETS IN JAPAN.—So exact is the control exercised by Japanese authorities over the whole people, that every street has its magistrate, who is expected to settle disputes, to know the most minute details of the private and public affairs of every creature within his jurisdiction, as reported to him by spies, and keep an accurate record of births, marriages and deaths. He is responsible for the good conduct of the street generally, and is elected by the popular voice of the inhabitants of the street; he is assisted in his duties by small companies of the principal householders, who also patrol at night.

## THE REVIEWER
### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LITERARY MISCELLANY is a sprightly journal, filled with interesting sketches, stories, literary gossip, etc. Published by the Authors' Publishing Company, 30 Bond street, New York.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—A Novel. By Captain Henry Curling. Author of "The Soldier of Fortune," etc. A story of English life of absorbing interest. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July, 1874.—This number opens with an entertaining article on Primitive Man, taking ground against the theory of evolution; and contains several full and comprehensive articles on other subjects, such as Trades Unions and Strikes, Japan as it was and is, etc.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for August, 1874.—This is a very interesting number, containing articles on The Abode of Snow, being the first part of a description of a trip to the Himalayas, Notices of New Books, The Civil War in America, by the Comte de Paris, The Agricultural Strike, etc. Received from W. B. Zieber, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.—By Mrs. Henry Wood. A romance which will be read with interest by all who delight in the marvellous and ingeniously constructed plots which are characteristic of the writings of the author of "East Lynne." "The Diamond Bracelet" will be eagerly perused to the end, for the interest never flags. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September, 1874, is freighted as usual with papers of a high order of merit. We have a continuation of W. D. Howell's novel, "A Foregone Conclusion:" also, Sketches of Travel and Adventure, Science and Superstition, The Moon, by Prof. N. S. Shaler, and Birds of Ill Omen, by Mr. Alexander Young; together with reviews and criticisms of recent books, and important papers on Education.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF SALMON P. CHASE, late Chief Justice.—By J. W. Schucker. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Received from H. McIntosh, 725 Sansom street, Philadelphia. The services of the late Chief Justice Chase formed so important a portion of his life that the narrative of his public career assumes the character of political history rather than of personal biography. Mr. Schucker has done his work well. The matter is judiciously arranged, and he has given us a sedate, unimpassioned and impartial exposition of the course of political events in which Mr. Chase prominently participated from his early manhood.

### GONE.

BY W. F. H.

Here is a glove that once was hers;
This is a ribbon she used to wear,
To hold back the tangled masses of curls
With such a carelessly graceful air.

There is the dress that last she wore;
Here are the slippers her feet have pressed,
Dear little feet, that we trust to-night
Walk in the mansions of the blest.

Here is her work-box. Let me look:
Needles and thimbles are both in their place,
And a handkerchief too, on which she had sewn,
Half-way around it, a border of lace.

Here are the songs she used to sing;
Put them tenderly out of my sight;
I wonder which of these sweet old hymns
Our darling is singing in heaven to-night?

Throw back the shutters. Let in the light;
Let the room be filled with the sunshine sweet;
Then think how often the spot where we stand,
Has echoed the tread of an angel's feet.

It all is finished. Our work is done;
Turn the key in the door, and come away.
"Holy of Holies" is the spot,
Let no one enter except to pray.

# FACE TO FACE;

OR,

## SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

### CHAPTER XXI.

A FIRST EXPERIENCE.

Mark, as he walked at the head of his men, looked almost young again. His eyes sparkled under his grizzled brows; his cheeks were in a glow of fire; his voice, when he spoke, came deep from his heaving chest—ringing, clear, emphatic.

"Ah," said he to Herbert, who was close at his side, "they may say what they like, this is life! When they want to make an end of old Mark, let them shut him up between four brick walls, and they'll soon stifle his heart out! Six foot under ground is all the bed he'll want when he can't get a bit of sport now and then. Why, it's marrer to my bones, and breath to my body, is this frosty air and keen excitement! You see, I was born a poacher, Master Herbert. I ought to have been a gentleman, and had my woods and preserves, and so forth, with plenty of money, to go hunting down adventures in foreign parts, when I got tired of my own country. But there was a mistake somewhere; and yet the heat was in my blood, and would show itself somehow. I have heard my mother say that, when I was a baby, I would crawl to the rabbit warren close to our cottage, and thrust my hands into the holes, just as if I knew. When I was eight, I used to go out with my ferret and a bag, and it wasn't often I came back without something."

"You began early."

"Aye," continued Mark, his eyes twinkling; "there's nothing like practice to make perfect."

"I wonder you were never caught."

"Well, you see, I have had more chances than most. Mr. Carthen, the old gentleman, was an invalid for years, and didn't care about his shooting. He married late in life, too; so that it was years and years, what with schooling and college, before his son came to take his place."

"But since that?"

"Why, I've been lucky, that's all; and, you see, I know every scrap of ground by heart. But it's been a near thing sometimes, I can tell you. A little while back, when Mr. Carthen was out himself, they was so close on us that I gave myself up for lost."

"Nat's a good son."

"Yes; he takes care of his father. If he'd forsook me, like that coward, Joe Lay, I should have been in prison at this very minute."

"Didn't the keepers follow you home?"

"Yes; but they came to a stop at Lansdown Point, and that saved us."

"Do you know what people say about the Point?"

"No," replied old Mark, in a tremulous whisper. "What is it?"

"That the place is haunted."

"Haunted!"

"Yes."

"Do you mean the ghosts are seen there?"

The old man's voice was so broken and odd that Herbert wondered, as he answered, "I don't believe in ghosts myself, but that is what people are saying."

"What is it that they are supposed to see, then?"

"A man's figure leaning against the tree that bends over the pool."

"Ah! And what is he doing there?"

"Sometimes he has a spade in his hand, and seems to be digging. At others, he stands perfectly still, with a white, awful face turned up to the sky."

"Whose ghost is it called?"

"James Flax's."

"It's all stories and rubbish," exclaimed Mark, almost fiercely. "I never saw anything there I couldn't account for in a natural kind of way. Joe Lay is fond of hanging about the Point, and he may have been there late of nights, for aught I know; but, as to ghosts, it's only fools as believe that the dead rise up out of their graves to scare the living."

"I think I should always like to see any one I had loved."

"No, no, Master Herbert! As many living folks as you please, but no dead 'uns! I'm not easily frightened, I can tell you, but just the hint of a ghost takes my breath away, and makes me as weak as a child. And so you've took to poaching," he added, by way of changing the subject. "I don't want to say anything unkind, but you'll never be anything of a hand. You've begun too late in life, and, only to note the way you set about it, any one may see your heart's far away. Go back, Master Herbert; there's time yet, and this isn't the place for such as you. Miss Milly will be beside herself if you get into trouble."

"It's for her sake I am here," answered Herbert, in a broken voice. "When she has learnt to hate me, I need come no more."

"Hush! father," exclaimed Nat. "Barton says he hears voices on the Point."

"It's the keepers, then," replied old Mark, with a faint shiver, not at the news, but at the place.

"You creep closer, Nat, will you, and bring us word?"

"Let me go. You remember what I asked."

"Nat understands——"

"There is nothing to understand; I have only to creep through the bushes and hear what they are saying. Surely, I can do that."

"Well, then, go; but mind you are cautious."

"Never fear," replied he, and was gone.

A silence of suspense and expectation fell on the little group after this. Herbert had begged this post because he hoped it might bring him into danger. But he had an odd sense of aversion to his task, as he crept stealthily through the bushes, until he came to the edge of the wood that was nearest to Lansdown Point.

Here he paused, and taking a handful of the bare branches, swung them aside and looked through. The moon was not very bright, but there was light enough to see, quite plainly, the figures of four men, amongst whom he recognized Joe Lay. Then there was treachery afloat. The man had very early confirmed old Mark's accusation, and turned informer; for Herbert could see him pointing in the direction from which he had just come, as if to indicate where the poachers might be found.

This was enough for Herbert. He turned at once to old Mark. "They'll be on us in two minutes," he said. "I saw Joe Lay telling them where to find us."

The old man clenched his fist and ground a curse between his set teeth.

"I knew he was no good from the first, only Nat took up with him so rowdy. A coward is never to be trusted, you may depend. But let him have a care. I know a secret that will hang him easy; and though I'm not fond of telling tales, he shan't go free if we suffer."

"But what's to be done now?"

"Why, we won't give in," answered the old man, sturdily. "How many of them was there, Master Herbert?"

"Three keepers and Joe Lay."

The old poacher's eyes flashed fire.

"I should like to get him within reach of my arm for one minute. I ain't so strong as I was, but it would come hard if I couldn't make him smart for awhile. I propose we stand our ground. There's five of us to their four, and if they come on us, we can fight our way through. I don't much fancy being baulked again, after our ill luck lately."

"No, no!" said Nat; "we won't go back empty-handed. Let them come if they like. Now we know we shall be ready for them at any minute; and if we keep our faces muffled, I don't see how they can swear to us."

"That's right, Nat!" answered his father, approvingly. "The more danger, the better sport!"

It was impossible to help admiring the old man's courage and resolution.

"Come on, lads," he whispered; "we'll pay them out! And mind, no firing, unless to save your life! There's been mischief enough done already. If it comes to a fight, you needn't make shelter for me. Though I was sixty-five last birthday, I think I can take one man to myself, and keep him going, even if I don't floor him. Master Herbert!"

He lowered his voice to the faintest whisper that the words might only reach him.

"Well, Mark?"

"Slip behind and get away. We may have a tough night of it, and Miss Milly would be broken-hearted if any harm came to you. I'll make it all right with the others."

"No, Mark!"

"Now, do! Your mother was good to my wife when she was dying, and I don't want to repay it by getting you into trouble."

"It wouldn't be your fault, anyhow. I am doing all this with my eyes open."

"They'll say it was my fault."

"But you'll know better yourself, Mark, which is all that signifies."

"I wouldn't like even the name of such an act."

"And yet you take Nat with you!"

"Nat is my own to do what I like with; and besides, you wouldn't have him forsake his old father, would you?"

Being there himself, Herbert could not well lecture old Mark; he simply said, "Nat is a fine hearted fellow and deserves a better fate."

"What do you mean?" inquired the old man, with a shudder; and he thought of his dream.

"I mean that we may like this lawless life so well as not be able to settle to any other."

"Whist!"

"What is it?"

"They are moving," he whispered softly back.

"We had better get on in front of them. Nat knows where the traps are and can take the lead, whilst we cover his movements as well as we are able. Keepers or no keepers, I don't mean to go home empty handed to-night."

"Then we shall have to be quick."

"Never you fear; Nat knows his work."

"Mayn't I go with Nat?" Herbert asked.

"You would only be in his way."

"I think not. I could watch whilst he was attending to the traps."

"He doesn't mean to be there all night," said old Mark, in a captious tone.

"Of course not. But, you know, I don't care about being caught; so that, in case of accidents, he would have a better chance of getting away."

"Very well!—go along! Only mind, Master Herbert, I won't have no recklessness."

"All right."

Herbert felt himself, with a certain surprise, entering into the excitement of the rest; and when Nat, with a little, low chuckle of glee, brought up a fine hare from the first trap and transferred it to his bag, Herbert's heart beat faster, and the cruel weight of care that had oppressed him these last few days was cast away and forgotten.

At the next trap they were not less lucky.

"The keepers haven't been so sharp to-day," said Nat, holding a fine pheasant by the legs.

"There's no decoy here, but as handsome a bird as any one might wish to see. There's two at roost up in the tree, there, I see; but we don't dare fire, or the keepers will be on us in a jiffy. I wish I'd an air gun."

"You'll do very well at this rate."

"And there's traps pretty well everywhere," answered Nat, exultingly. "Barton's been over, in the very midst of them, and they're as tame as barndoor fowls there. We've only to keep the men at bay for a matter of three hours or so."

"Shall we manage it?"

"Look here, Master Herbert," said Nat, presently, in a confidential tone; "I'm a poacher myself, it's true, but I'd be something better to-morrow if it wasn't for father; but it's different for you. I am sure Miss Milly is an angel," added Nat, enthusiastically; "and when I was laid low with fever, the very sight of her coming and going was better than all the doctor's stuff. If I was you, Master Herbert, I'd cut off my right hand before I'd give her a minute's sorrow."

"And so would I," answered Herbert, in a broken voice. "You don't know what a terrible sacrifice I am making to serve her."

"But she won't like this," said Nat, incredulously.

"Nevertheless, it's the greatest kindness I can do her."

"Do you want her to hate you?"

"It would be better for her if she did."

"Well, that's odd, too."

"It must sound odd, I know," answered Herbert, who found it a relief to talk to Nat; "but it's true all the same."

"Why don't you go away from home, then? It would be better than this."

"My father can't spare me."

"Then you have to do what you don't fancy, for your father's sake?"

"Yes."

"It's queer; but you and me seem to be alike, Master Herbert."

"So we do."

"You wouldn't mind shaking hands?"

For sole response, Herbert held out his, cordially.

"I expect you wouldn't like to be my friend?"

"Nay, but I should."

"You're one of the right sort," said Nat, enthusiastically. "Some people think that when they get a little money they may ride rough-shod over everybody. Mr. Lowe is more of a gentleman in his own eyes than Lord Dacre."

"That isn't right, either."

"No, but they are most of them like that when they rise from the bottom of the ladder."

"I have heard that before. What have you got there, Nat?"

"A nice little hen pheasant, as fat as butter," answered Nat, caressing its smooth breast delightfully. "If we go on at this rate, we shall soon get a bag full."

"Do you always have this luck?"

"On general nights. When me and father are out alone, just about Lansdown, we have to be satisfied with a little. But it's a hard life, anyway. There was Timothy Cook, as fine a lad as ever you saw; he died in the workhouse, after being ill just a week. It was rapid decline, brought on by lying on the damp ground watching for game. They say, too," added Nat, in a thick voice, "he died so uneasy, on account of his evil ways, that you could hear him bemoaning himself and crying out from one end of the house to the other."

"Did you know him?"

"Yes; I knew him, and that's what gave me my first notion that poaching wasn't quite the thing. Whist! wasn't that father's whistle?"

"Some one whistled. It might have been a keeper."

"I know father's out of a thousand. The keepers are on them, and he wants us."

"Leave your bag; it will only hinder you."

"Nay," answered the young man, sturdily; "I mean to have what I've got."

Swiftly, and silently now, they retraced their steps. As they came near the place where they had left old Mark and the others, they heard plainly the sounds of an affray, and quickened their steps.

"Muffle up your face," whispered Nat, as he drew a dark colored handkerchief over his mouth and chin, and slouched his wide-awake lower over his eyes. "It's all up if they recognize you. It's dark here, so you are safe enough if you are only careful."

"Trust me."

"Now then!"

He darted in amongst them, and swung his powerful arm about, dauntlessly. Old Mark's adversary, Lane, dropped back a pace, half-blinded at the blow.

"Get away, father," whispered Nat. "I can manage him," and the two men closed.

Lane was as strong and more wary than Nat. But he had not the same motive for desiring victory as the others had. He certainly wished to capture one of the poachers, in order to satisfy his master of his zeal; but this feeling would hardly nerve his arm as Nat's arm was nerved by the dread of prison and the fear of exposure. For a time the issue was doubtful. Nat never looked back to see how the others were faring. He had quite as much as he could manage, as it was. Old Mark's faint, cheery whispers, "That's right, lad!" "Steady now!" "Hit him hard!" encouraged Nat. He pictured his father in prison, pining his heart out, dying by inches; and, as he sent his opponent tottering back amongst the bushes, he muttered low: "Run, father; we don't want you."

"Nay, lad," answered old Mark; "let me get breath, and then I'll show them there's some life left in me yet."

"You'd better go home."

"No!"

"Do, father," said Nat, persuasively, as he saw Lane stumble on his feet again, and come rushing towards him with the speed of one whose temper was mastering him.

"Take that!" he said, aiming a blow at Nat's face. But the young man stepped aside quickly and evaded it. Lane's fist came in contact with a trunk of a tree, against which Nat had been standing, and he uttered a little cry of pain. Panting like a wild beast, mad with rage, thinking of his own wrongs now and not of his master's, Lane sprang upon Nat and caught him fiercely by the throat.

The other's grasp was like iron, and Nat gave himself up for lost. His hands sank nerveless to his side, and he uttered a guttural sound, that was hardly a moan so much as a cry of despair.

And suddenly, oddly, he remembered Timothy Cook, and saw his ghastly face rise up before him, with its eyes of agonized appeal, and white, contorted lips. This passed; and, all in the second, another ghost rose up out of the past—the ghost of that man who had died as suddenly as he should die, and was buried under Lansdown Point.

At this minute, old Mark's fist fell like a sledgehammer in the centre of Lane's outstretched arm, and the man loosened his hold suddenly. Nat drew a long breath of relief.

But death, in all its horror, had been so near, that he felt cold and stunned. For a minute he could only ward off the blows that fell around him; his natural strength seemed to have deserted him. Old Mark noticed this, and got frightened.

"You'll be beat," he whispered.

"Nay," answered the other, his pride rising at the very thought; "not if I know it."

The effect of this caution was soon apparent. Nat, suddenly restored to his old energy, drove Lane back amongst the bushes, and held him there relentlessly. He struggled in vain to free himself. It was Nat's turn now, and he meant to make the most of it. With his face close to Lane's face, Nat said, in gruff, feigned voice:

"I'll let you go when you'll promise to go straight home, and not one second before."

"Then I'll stop here till I rot."

"Just as you like," answered Nat, coolly.

"Tie him to a tree," whispered old Mark; "and then he'll be safe."

"Where is there a rope?"

"Here."

Old Mark slipped one into his hand, and the two men between them, in spite of Lane's struggles, managed to secure his arms and legs so effectually that he lay as helpless as a block of wood, fretting, fuming and foaming, and uttering vicious threats against his conqueror.

Nat chuckled inwardly, and went to help the others. The odds were against the keepers now. There were Lawrence, Scourby and others against five of them, and it was easy to see how it must end.

"Supposing we was to tie them all up in a row," suggested old Mark, whose keen eyes glittered brightly in the gloom; "it would serve them right, I only wish we'd got Joe Lay as well."

"Have you any more cord here?" asked Nat.

"A plenty," chuckled old Mark; "they brought a good supply. No doubt they expected a dozen of us, at least."

"Then it belongs to the keepers?"

"Lane dropped it just now."

"It's a good notion," laughed Nat.

"It will be a fine sight for the folks to-morrow morning."

"Be quick, then. Master Herbert isn't used to this kind of work, and, no doubt he is pretty well done."

"You stand back, then, father."

"You're too whole over me, lad. I ain't made of gingerbread."

This conversation was carried on aside, and in a whisper. Old Mark, who had a strong sense of humor, enjoyed the joke vastly, and laughed outright, when Nat, stealing behind Lawrence, as his arm was upraised to strike, suddenly slipped the cord around them.

Lawrence uttered a passionate curse.

"You shall smart for this," he shouted. "Mark Graysome, I know you must be here; and I'll have you up, as sure as I'm a living man."

"You've got to prove your words first, though," said a voice Lawrence would have declared was Herbert Benson's, disguised, had he not felt sure that it could not be. "No jury would convict without."

"I can satisfy the jury that he's a rogue and a thief, anyhow."

"But not that he is here to-night?"

"I'll try, if I once get loose."

"What will you bet that he's not safe at home in bed, snoring?"

"It isn't like him to be out of the way when mischief is about."

"That's got nothing to do with it. What you have to do to-morrow, when you get free, is to prove that Mark Graysome was out to-night."

"You know I can't do that," was the response.

"Then hush, will you?" And Lawrence, bound now and helpless, found that the command was enforced by a slight shake.

"What am I to hush for?"

"You'll wake the birds."

At this, Lawrence, goaded to desperation, tried, with a mighty effort, to wrench himself free.

"Have a care!" he hissed.

"We won't disturb you any longer," said the voice. "Good night."

The other two keepers had been secured in the meantime by old Mark's help, and the light band glided away though the gloom of the wood softly, like ghosts. When they got out of hearing of their enemies, they came to a sudden halt, and took counsel together, deep and low. Nat was for continuing their interrupted sport. Herbert, although he had no care for himself, represented that the risk was too great.

"You may depend," he said, "that Joe is lurking about to see how it ends. Directly he finds we are gone, he'll go back and loosen the keepers, and we shall be no better off than we were before. The only way is for us get home as quickly as possible."

"Supposing he should give our names?" Barton said.

"Who would believe him on oath?" answered old Mark, contemptuously. "Besides, he wouldn't do that. He knows better than to rouse a sleeping lion."

"He's got that malice in him, I should never wonder at anything."

"He won't hurt himself, never fear. He's gone nearly far enough, as it is; and though I hate to tell on others, he had better have a care. He's only a knave now; he'd be a fool if he didn't know when to stop. Now, then, Nat, Master Herbert's right; the sooner we get home the better. The poulterer, at Dawford, shall have the game, as usual, and we'll divide next time. Come, Master Herbert, your way lies our way, and we may as well go together."

Herbert still hesitated.

"Look here," said old Mark, decidedly; "you want to stay behind and get taken, and punished for us all; but I tell you outright I won't have it. You've took your risk with us, as was fair and proper, but you shan't do more. If you stop here, I stop."

Herbert found, by the old man's determined tone, that he meant what he said, and lingered no longer. He parted with the others at the edge of the wood, and each went his own way silently.

Herbert accompanied old Mark and his son as far as their cottage, which he was obliged to pass in reaching his own house; and then these three men, whom fate, in one of its caprices, and the cruelty of a strange destiny, had thrown together, shook hands cordially, as old friends, and separated.

Herbert reached his own room without being discovered; but, as he flung himself, still dressed, across the bed, he knew there could be no rest for him. The prayer he had been in the habit of repeating nightly came mechanically to his lips, but he thrust it back.

"No," he said, bitterly, within himself, "how should I dare utter such words after my offence, and when my soul is full of a terrible hatred against the man who has made me a thief that I may save his daughter's life? Sinning is hard *even for her sake.*"

### CHAPTER XXII.

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, THEN COMES THE TUG OF WAR."

Since Wilfred had been assailed by an unknown adversary in Lansdown, he had not quite the same partiality for the locality as before. Not that he was a coward. But the assault had been so sudden and unexpected, so mysterious altogether, that it had left behind a sense of distrust he could not quite conquer.

He never suspected Herbert Benson of having been his probable adversary. His conduct could not have justified such a suspicion. Besides, he had seen him go off with Milly, and he was not likely to have left her in time to have rifled him so strangely of the blue ribbon he had taken out of Milly's reluctant hands. Altogether, Wilfred was puzzled. He was not fond of mystery, and, moreover, he wanted to know who it might have been, for the sake of being on his guard for the future. We can't guard against our enemy, unless we know who our enemy is.

Mr. Carthen had always told Wilfred to make himself at home anywhere in his domains.

Therefore Wilfred considered it prudent to carry his gun with him, not only as a means of defence, should he require any, but also as a kind of excuse for his presence in the wood should any one meet him there.

On reaching the place of rendezvous, he found Herbert there before him.

They could but just see each other's faces; but the tone of Herbert's voice when he spoke, showed that he was not to be trifled with. However, he spoke with courtesy and respect.

"I am obliged to you for granting me this interview. I thought it better that we should come to an understanding at once."

"I don't see the least necessity for it," replied Lord Oakland; "I am not conscious of any possible right you have to interfere with my actions."

"Milly Lowe is not your equal, my lord."

"What then?"

"Your courtship can only mean one thing."

"And that?"

"Ruin!" was the stern and laconic reply.

"You seem to have a very poor opinion of Miss Lowe, and a very high one of my influence. I should have fancied that I might be trusted to speak, and she to hear, a few flattering phrases, such as one is in the habit of using to a pretty girl, without it having such a serious meaning as the one you designated."

"That is all very well, my lord; and, of course, if Milly lived in your world, she might take these flatteries as they were meant, and set no value on them; but she's only a country girl——"

"Egad! she's got her wits about her, though!"

"I am glad to hear you say so; but I can't disguise that such an intimacy might be fatal to her piece of mind."

Wilfred laughed.

"It's a good thing I am not a woman, Mr. Benson, or I hardly know what might be the effect of your flatteries. You see, it is so very gratifying to hear that one is irresistible, and, on that account, not to be trusted in ladies' society."

"My affection for Milly makes me anxious, my lord."

"Then my good soul, why don't you marry her? Upon my honor, I believe the girl would have you."

"You don't know what you are speaking of, my lord. It is absolutely impossible that I should ever marry Miss Lowe."

"Then you don't expect to keep her from other attentions, I should say."

"From yours, my lord, assuredly, if possible."

"And if not possible?"

"Then, my lord, I hardly know what I might do."

"I know what would be your wisest course."

"Will your lordship be good enough to tell me, then?"

"Why, not to interfere with what does not concern you, Mr. Benson. You have no right to play the dog in the manger. According to your own account you don't mean to marry Miss Lowe yourself, but why shouldn't somebody else?"

"It is the great wish of my life to see Milly happily married."

"It doesn't look like it."

"I never allowed myself to believe that Viscount Dawford was a possible suitor for the hand of Millicent Lowe, the farmer's daughter."

"I never said that, of course," stammered the young man, "but she's an uncommon nice little thing, and has got an answer always ready. Some men don't like that kind of thing, but I do. A fool, be she ever so pretty, never captivates me."

"I wish, my lord, you would promise me not to speak to Milly again."

"Then I will tell you, frankly, that I won't do anything of the kind."

"My lord, you will repent this."

"Is that intended for a threat, sir?"

"No, my lord," replied Herbert, sadly. "I hope it is not even a prophecy."

"Egad! I hope not, too. But it strikes me you are of a despondent nature, Mr. Benson. It would not occur to me to picture all kinds of evil upon such a very slight foundation. Supposing that I should meet Miss Lowe occasionally, and stop and talk with her, who will be the worse for it?"

"She will, my lord."

"Why?"

"The difference in your stations would make people see harm where, perhaps, no harm exists."

"Tush!" exclaimed Wilfred, contemptuously. "One expects to hear such sentiments in the world, but not out of the world. Who taught you to be so scrupulous?"

"My lord, I have known Milly Lowe since she was a mere baby, and I love her like a sister——"

"Upon my word!" interrupted Wilfred, laughing; "you surprise me more and more. I thought that Platonic attachments were confined to the upper ten thousand!"

"I don't know what Platonic attachments are," replied Herbert, wounded by the other's jeering manner; "but an innocent, sincere affection, like mine for Milly Lowe, must always be respectable."

"I don't wish to doubt that; but when people seem so very much inclined to suspect the same things in others, it certainly has a bad look, you know."

"I really don't understand you, my lord."

"Then I'll explain myself more clearly. If you are permitted to pay Miss Lowe the attentions of a lover, without meaning anything, or compromising her, what is to prevent me from doing the same?"

"I do not pay Milly the attention of a lover, my lord."

"Perhaps you call it by a different name, then?" You were always reported to be engaged."

"And so we were."

"Then it is broken off?"

"Of necessity, my lord," answered Herbert, with a sing as of keen agony in his voice.

"Some lover's quarrel, I expect?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Pardon me if I refuse to answer your lordship."

"Of course I can't compel you; but there needn't be any mystery, I should fancy."

"I must know best."

"Mind how you speak, sir," said the young viscount, haughtily; for his temper, naturally quick, was inflamed by all this opposition. "It is only pretty women whom I allow to speak their minds to me."

"Then, my lord, you have only to avoid giving any one else occasion for the liberty."

"I shall act as I think proper."

"And I shall speak as I consider right."

"Sir!"

"My lord, I will not bend to you servilely, because you happen to be a nobleman. It was a mere accident, after all, remember—the accident of birth. I will assimilate my speech to your rank so long as your conduct renders it possible; but when you act as if you were not a viscount, I will try and forget your title, and speak my mind plainly. I tell you candidly, lord or no lord, that you shall not harm Milly Lowe!"

"How will you set to work?" inquired Wilfred, with a laugh of defiance.

"That is my secret, my lord."

"Another secret? Truly, sir, your mind must be oppressed by the weight of all these mysteries. As you seem to consider plainness of speech a virtue, I may as well tell you that I hate a humbug and a hypocrite, and I understand your intentions perfectly. It doesn't suit you to marry Miss Lowe, for reasons best known to yourself; and yet you stand between her and other attentions which she might possibly prefer to yours. Miss Lowe is old enough to make her own choice, and it is only from her lips that I will receive a dismissal. Until then I will admire her extremely and have more faith in her power of resistance than you seem to have. I will enjoy her society whenever I am able, without troubling myself about consequences."

"Of course, my lord, you can afford to do that. A broken heart would not stand in the way of your future triumphs—rather, perhaps, enhance them; for I am told that, in your station of life, it is rather an honor than a disgrace to have ruined an honest girl. But it is my duty to protect Milly Lowe, and I will do so. If any harm were to happen to her, it would seem like my fault; although heaven knows all the sorrow that has been wrought was no work of mine. But she thinks so—poor heart! and it cannot be wondered that she does; therefore, she must owe something to me as a compensation for her supposed injuries!"

"I am really curious to know what you mean to do?"

"Then I will tell you, my lord. Two days hence, Milly Lowe will have gone where you cannot find her, and would not be allowed to see her if you could."

"I begin to think that country bumpkins are clever fellows, after all. Can you make poetry?"

"Why?"

"Burns was a bumpkin!"

"Yes, my lord; and when your name and your class are clean forgotten, his will still be a household word!"

At this home-thrust, the keener that Lord Dawford knew it was merited—he felt himself pale with anger. He stretched forth his hand, involuntarily, as if to strike the audacious offender, but as suddenly withdrew it.

"Nay," he said; "if I lowered myself to give you this interview, I had no right to expect that you should remember to conduct yourself properly in my presence. There is one thing to be said—there is no need to prolong it."

"And your lordship fully understands me?"

The young viscount turned on him with sudden fire.

"I understand you are an impudent fool! If you had left me alone, I should never, in all probability, have dreamt of anything beyond passing a pleasant hour with a pretty girl, as it is——"

"Well, my lord?" urged Herbert, breathlessly.

"That's my secret!" retorted the young viscount, mimicking the very tone in which Herbert had spoken the same words a little while back. "I don't see why I shouldn't have my little mysteries as well as you."

"My lord," said Herbert, in a stifled voice. "I could almost humble myself to kneel to you. The girl is so innocent and tender!"

"I am very glad to hear you say so. My own notion is that she is a bit of a coquette, and wouldn't thank you for trying to deprive her of a conquest."

"Leave her to go her own way in peace."

"We shan't quarrel, I dare say," he answered, airily.

"You will spoil her life, and give her aspirations she can never gratify."

"I tell you what, Mr. Benson," was the impatient reply, "I have had enough of all this; I don't choose to be dictated to in this manner by any one; and so I wish you good night!"

"My lord——"

"Enough, sir!"

He turned haughtily, made a step forward, stumbled, and fell.

There lay the idiot, Tommy Wilson, stretched full length across the path.

"That fellow has been listening to our conversation," said Lord Dawford, in a tone of passionate annoyance; and he gave him a little kick with the toe of his boot.

Tommy got up, grinning.

"He can't understand," replied Herbert; "and he is perfectly harmless, I believe. Don't harm him, my lord; he cannot speak, that he should repeat what he has heard."

The idiot muttered a few incoherent words, darted a look of intense hatred at Herbert, as if he rejected his championship, and disappeared into the darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## BOYS.

A boy is a piece of existence quite separate from all things else, and deserves a separate chapter in the natural history of man. From the time that a babe becomes a boy until he is a young man he is in an anomalous condition, for which there is no special place assigned in nature. They are always in the way. They are always doing something to call down rebuke. They are inquisitive as monkeys, and meddlesome just where you don't wish them to be. Boys have a period of mischief as much as they have measles or chicken-pox. They invade your drawers, mix up your tooth-powder with hair-oil, pull your laces and collars from their repositories, upset your ink upon invaluable manuscript, tear up precious letters, scatter your wafers, stick everything up with experimental sealing-wax, and spoil all your pens in the effort at spoiling all your paper.

Poor boys! What *are* they good for? It is an unfathomable mystery that we come to our manhood through the wilderness of boyhood. They are always wanting something they must not have, going where they ought not to be, coming where they are not wanted, saying the most awkward things at the most critical times. They will tell lies, and, after infinite pains to teach them the obligations of truth, they give us the full benefit of frankness and literalness by blurting out before company a whole budget of family secrets. Would you take a quiet nap? Slap! bang! go a whole bevy of boys through the house. Has the nervous baby at length, after all manner of singing, trottings and maternal bosom opiates, just fallen asleep? Be sure an unmannerly boy will be on hand to bawl out for permission to do something or other which he has been doing all day without dreaming of leave.

Are we, then, not on the boys' side? To be sure we are. It is not their fault that they are boys, nor that older people are not patient.

The restless activity of boys is their necessity. To restrain it is to thwart Nature. We need to provide for it. Not to attempt to find amusement for them, but to give them opportunity to amuse themselves.

## WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

Probably there are few women who have not had some first friendship, as delicious and almost as passionate as first love. It may not last—it seldom does; but at the time it is one of the purest, most self-forgetful and self-denying attachments that the human heart can experience; with many, the nearest approximation to that feeling called love—we mean love in its highest form, apart from all selfishnesses and sensuousnesses—which in all their afterlife they will ever know. This girlish friendship, however fleeting in its character, and romantic, even silly, in its manifestations, let us take heed how we make light of, lest we be mocking at things more sacred than we are aware.

And yet it is not the real thing—not *friendship*, but rather a kind of foreshadowing of love; as jealous, as exacting, as unreasoning—as wildly happy and supremely miserable; ridiculously so to a looker-on, but to the parties concerned, as vivid and sincere as any after-passion into which the girl may fall; for the time being, perhaps long after, coloring all her world. Yet it is but a dream, to melt away like a dream when love appears; or if it then wishes to keep up its vitality at all, it must change its character, temper its exactions, resign its rights; in short, be buried and come to life again in a totally different form. Afterwards, should Laura and Matilda, with a house to mind and husband to fuss over, find themselves actually kissing the babies instead of one another—and managing to exist for a year without meeting, or a month without letter-writing, yet feel life no blank, and affection a reality still—then their attachment has taken its true shape, as friendship, shown itself capable of friendship's distinguishing feature—namely, tenderness without appropriation; and the women, young or old, will love one another faithfully to the end of their lives.

Education.—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, the use of which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

The saddest parting in the world is with one's last dollar. And the poor fellow's misery is not usually alleviated by the sympathy of the man to whom he pays it.

## A GOOD NIGHT.

BY AMANDA W. DOUGLAS.

Reach out your hand through softest dusk,
The twilight falleth unaware,
The birds with low voiced homeward songs
Mellow the purple evening air.
The dews make sweet the evergreens,
The fragrant spice of far off pine,
And with it all some half wrought dream,
A memory—is it mine or thine?

Slow walking in a little world,
Apart from all the common ways;
I seem to feel the friendly clasp,
That rounds with tenderness the days.
So near, so far, so wide apart,
Yet eyes look into eyes with light,
Garnered with kisses dropping slow,
The sweetest one said with "Good night."

## STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

### No. 1.—BLIND FROM HER BIRTH.

My window overlooks a retired street, and all that passes there is sometimes painfully distinct. Sometimes I can paint mental pictures of the wayfarers at home, and taking up a thread of conversation weave a romantic story thereupon. Our lives have all some little of romance, no matter how quiet and undignified they are, and some of the shabbiest of my mental heroes have perhaps a glorious future to accomplish.

My favorite time is in the morning early, when many laborers are walking to their hives, or in the evening, when wearied men return to tempting little homes. There is a corner opposite my room, and I have often scrutinized the loungers there—men everlastingly waiting for something—good fortune, perhaps; but such fortune never comes, and they wait and wait, day after day, until I grow morose, and then—pull down the blind.

But I have my regular visitors—passers by of a more genial kind, to whom I often wish to introduce myself and pass a pleasant hour in their society. Some of them seem lonely and sorrowful, others boisterous, full of kindly mirth; and sometimes these opposites are together, and I have thus learned that merriment is infectious, passing from one to the other, while sorrow may call for an expression of sympathy, but seldom has its true reflection in the face.

One of my regular visitors, as I call them, was a poor blind girl, accompanied by a child.

Wet or fine, they passed me every day, and wet or fine they never took the cars. From this I judged that they were very poor, and that the child was the sister of my favorite visitor.

"Minnie" the child called her, and poor blind Minnie became immediately my friend.

I pitied her; wondered at her history; thought how lonely she must feel, shut out, as it were, from the light of heaven, and from its sunbeams and its flowers—she was as bright and sweet as any one of them, and seemed to be contented with her lot. I always watched her until she was out of sight, and sometimes when she turned her vacant eyes toward the skies I wished that I might somehow lend her mine, that she might see how bright they were, how willing to receive an angel, as I fancied her.

One day I was sitting with the window open, waiting, almost anxiously, for the coming of these two; but they came not, and I knew that either my *protege* or her sister must be sick.

"It is Minnie," I thought. If it was the child, some other would have been the companion of the blind girl in her daily wandering, and I was right. "The child will come alone one day," I thought again, and I was right again in this fancy also.

I made up a little basket of fruit, and added a flower or two for their perfume's sake (the blind are always fond of flowers), and waited. When at last the child came I left my window and handed her my offering.

"For your sister," I said.

She thanked me and smiled, and thus in this simple way our acquaintanceship commenced.

"Did she live far away?" I asked. No, she lived quite near. Had she a father? "Yes, sir," she said; "but sometimes he drinks," she added, in her innocent, half-terrified way. A mother? "No," with a shake of the head and a downcast, guilty look, which told me very plainly that her death was hastened by her husband's intemperate habits. A brother? "Yes."

"Ask him to call upon me," I said at once. I did not like to intrude myself at their home, yet I wished to know more of the blind girl's family; partly from curiosity, and partly from a desire to help.

He came next day, and announced himself as Minnie's brother. He was a young man of eighteen or nineteen years, respectable, I thought, but poor. He seemed to read my thoughts.

"We were not always poor," he said, immediately; "we have met with great misfortunes."

"And your sister?" I queried.

"She was blind from her birth."

"She is sick, is she not?"

"Yes, sir," he replied; "she will never be well again."

"Indeed!" I said, sharply, for his manner hurt me. I did not care to lose my *protege* so soon.

"She is breaking her heart."

"Poor child! Because of her blindness?" I assumed.

"No, sir; not that. The fact is she has learned to love one who has basely deserted her. When we were wealthy there was no obstacle, but now that we are poor—ah! you know, sir; and so poor Minnie is left to die or live as she may!"

"But she must not die," I said, impulsively. "Does her lover know——"

"No, sir," replied the youth, drawing himself erect. "We are proud if we are poor."

"Proud!" I echoed. "It is a poor pride that will permit a helpless creature to die without an effort. Will you not inform him of her condition?"

"Do you think it will be well to do so?" the youth answered, accepting my reproof.

"Certainly."

"Then I will humble myself for once," he said. "I will go to him now, sir."

"And I with you, if you will permit me," I added, and together we went in search of the one man who could bring poor Minnie back to health again.

To my surprise, I knew the family well, and, without egotism, I think I contributed much to the successful issue of my narrative. I explained to Walter Landon's father how terrible it would be if this young girl died; that if the young man had ever cared for her, it was his duty to comfort and protect her; how liable the blind were to cling only to one, seeing with him all that is bright and beautiful, and in his absence seeing nothing, hoping for nothing. I explained how the features of her beloved would be familiar to her vision by the touch; how the sound of his voice would awaken all the imagery of a fanciful nature, without which life was a dreary void.

Young Walter had always loved her, he said; had vainly sought her new abode; had longed to comfort her, and would have married her, hoping in time to win forgiveness from his parents.

He went to her, and her life was saved! At the first sound of his voice the effect was magical. Her features relaxed, a glad smile overspread her pale face; she threw herself into his arms and wept joyfully.

The blind girl and her sister no longer pass my window on their daily wandering, but they are often welcome visitors within my little room. It is pleasant, although somewhat sad, to note the glad way in which Minnie's sightless orbs turn first to her husband's face, and then seem to glean even light itself from the bright blue laughing eyes of the baby in her arms.

## BOILED ALIVE!

### A CRUSTACEAN HORROR.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES.

"Curly, my son, you talk like a freshman. Listen, oh youth, to the teachings of age and experience. I boldly assert, Goggles to the contrary, notwithstanding, that lobster salad eaten at night, has no evil effects on the human interior, but rather creates delicious slumbers—soft and soothing mental creations, and——"

"But, Jack, old fellow, Goggles just said——"

"No buts about it. Goggles is an ass. Come to my room to-night, and test for yourself the truth of the assertion."

Thus, rather dictatorily, my dear old friend and college chum, Jack Freuch—a recognized authority in our class on all disputed topics—discoursed us we left the recitation-room at the conclusion of old Professor Goggles' lecture; and the result was I agreed to sup with Jack that very night, and test who was right. Arriving a little in advance of the appointed time, I found Jack busily engaged in dissecting a lobster.

"Make yourself useful as well as ornamental, Curly—cut the salad," pointing to two fine bunches of crisp, fresh lettuce; "carefully, not too large, so; while I finish with these beauties. You cannot know with what father'ly care I watched old Mother Belcher give these fellows their hot bath this morning."

The respectable female, so familiarly referred to, had the care of Jack's room.

"By-the-by, Jack, I wonder how they feel, being boiled alive?"

"Ah! can't say, never having passed through that painful ordeal; but I can tell you how they act, ha! ha! They squeak like young pigs, in a tenor, shrill tone, and then they open their claws and spread out their tails like a fan, grow red in the face, then red all over, and end in an upside-down roll in the bubbling, boiling water. Oh! it's beautiful, ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jack, boisterously. "I'm not surprised at their squeaking, are you? But, come, all's ready; now for our delicious gastronomic indulgence—a good stiff glass of cognac afterwards, a quiet pipe, and then to the refreshing slumbers I promised you."

Well, about two o'clock, after another "night-cap," we swore eternal friendship, said good-night half a dozen of times, and I went to bed.

It might have been two hours later, say four A. M., when I thought somebody was pouring hot oil down my neck. I tried to get up—to kick, but my legs refused to move, and then a horrible vision appeared to me.

Methought I was awake, and two juvenile lobsters, flapping their tails, sat on my breast, ever and anon crawling up to my face and playfully, only playfully, pinching my nose with their claws. In vain I endeavored to cast them from me, but no sooner did I take hold of one than he slipped through my fingers like an eel.

"You had better lie quiet," squeaked the youngest and smallest, in a most insolent tone. "You've no power over us; we are rapidly growing larger; ere long we shall be strong enough to carry you off."

Oh, horror of horrors! Carry me off!

"Where?" I exclaimed.

"Ha! ha! you'll soon see," and they instantly appeared to grow larger and larger, until they rolled off with a heavy crash and soon stood erect by my bedside, *on their tails*.

They now seemed to me to be at least seven feet high, with corresponding giant-like claws, which looked as if they could crush iron.

"Get up, get up," said the larger one, staring at me with his protruding eyes. "Get up and come with us—hurry."

"But, for goodness sake, or for decency's sake," I replied, "allow me to put on my clothes."

"Bosh!" was the answer. "We have to slip our clothing periodically, and go about with far less than what you have on now—a shirt."

"Well, it's very cold—let me at least have my drawers."

"Your drawers be ——"

I cannot write the word. And as he uttered it, both seized me in their sharp claws and walked me, in my night-shirt, helpless, between them, out of the window and down a long, muddy lane.

"We do not intend to hurt you much *more*," exclaimed the smaller.

"But you do hurt me; your—your—hands pinch me fearfully—see the blood."

I had said hands, weakly imagining in my agony that I should flatter them by dropping the word "claws."

"Claws, sir! claws!" bawled the big one; "we have no hands, as you well know when you ruthlessly smash them in your gastronomical midnight debauches, or rather, matutinal orgies—forgetful of our agony, killing us by hundreds, leaving our children to mourn in the briny deep. Claws, sir! come on!" and thus I was pulled along until we arrived at a rocky cavern, where I beheld—ah, excruciating horror!—an immense kettle suspended from the roof, under which crackled a bright fire. Here I was desired to take a seat—with only a shirt on, recollect, and that, unfortunately, one of my shortest—on a heap of nutmeg graters.

In this miserable plight, I gazed with agony of mind on the kettle—saw the fire grow fiercer, the sparks fly upwards, and listened to the roaring, boiling, bubbling water.

No other sound met my fevered brain, till the voice of my unfortunate chum Jack came like an earthquake on my sinking heart; and forthwith I beheld him carried in on the back of an enormous lobster—a dark purple monster about ten feet high—kicking and screeching furiously, while several smaller wretches were vigorously employed pinching him with their claws. Alas! poor fellow; how he did howl, how shrill were his cries for mercy, how he kicked and fought; it was all of no use.

At last he was thrown down on the stony floor, and the largest lobster, in a commanding voice, exclaimed:

"All's ready; it boils hard."

"What!" shrieked Jack, "do you really mean?" looking piteously at the kettle.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the big scoundrel, "do we really mean? Of course we mean. Did you ever see a man boiled alive? Of course you have seen many a lobster. You express its sensations so perfectly. They squeak like pigs, eh? We shall hear how you squeak, and after you your companion in sin. Ha! ha! ha! and they spread out their tails like a fan, and open their claws and grow red in the face and then red all over, and end in an upside down roll in the boiling water. Oh! they do, do they," said the big brute, quoting Jack's own words; "well, your faces are pale enough now, my fine fellows we shall see the effect of boiling."

Conceive my position, as I sat on the nutmeg graters and listened to this speech. With a frantic effort I plucked up courage, and exclaimed in a subdued, half-choking voice:

"Good friends, most amiable crustaceous ladies and gentlemen, you really do not mean to be so horribly wicked?"

"O, spare him——"

"Ye—yes, spare me, my good fellows. I swear in future to respect your race," muttered poor Jack. "I'll never again eat lobster-salad. I renounce it forever. I'll have an act of Assembly passed providing that lobsters can no longer be considered as food for the human race——"

"Oh, bosh and gammon, it won't do, it's too ganzy; time flies. Let's put him in, let's hear him squeak like a pig, open his claws, and spread out his tail like a fan, eh! grow red in the face; ha! ha! Give him an upside-down roll in the bubbling water. Oh! such fun—in with them both, now, lively—one—two—three——"

And with these words they clawed us up to the top of the kettle, and holding us suspended half a minute, dropped us with a tremendous splash into the boiling, seething, bubbling water!

I fainted—I mean, I awoke, to find myself lying on my back, and the perspiration running from every pore. For many a month afterwards I looked on a lobster with a shudder.

Goggles was right and Jack wrong.

## MRS. JONES' ECONOMY.

BY JOHN JONES.

My wife is a jewel of a woman. The dear creature lately came home from a shopping excursion in the most extravagant spirits.

"I have made such a bargain to-day!" said she. "I have bought such a beautiful dress for only sixteen dollars! So I said to myself, even if I get Madame Flourish to make it up, it will be economical."

Now, Madam Flourish was a French *modiste*, who had lately come from Paris, and had really great taste, but was most extravagant in her charges; and I never heard her name without a shudder. A few months before, she made up a brocade for Mrs. Jones, which everybody said fitted beautifully. "It looks as if you were born in it," enthusiastically declared a friend, "and it had grown with you." But my pleasure in contemplating this master-piece, I must confess, was somewhat diminished when the bill came in, to the tune of fifty-nine dollars and eighty cents, for making and trimming it. However, "it wasn't so astonishing, after all," as my wife reasoned, "that a dress which was worth sixty dollars should cost as much more to make it up," and with this reflection I consoled myself. So when I heard this proposal to take this other dress to madam, I argued that, if she charged in the same proportion, her bill would be only a little over thirty dollars, which struck me as not excessive; and accordingly I made no objection to the suggestion, but, lighting a cigar, sat thinking about Mary Ann's many virtues, and especially her knack for economy.

In about a fortnight the dress came home. It was a pretty, blue affair, and Mrs. Jones really looked like a summer cloud in it, as she floated about the room, displaying it in every aspect, and expatiating upon its merits. I thought to myself it was the cheapest dress that I had ever seen; and as I smoked my cigar, I said mentally, "Ah, Jones, what a happy dog you are to have a wife with such a knack for economy!"

Two days after the bill came in. My wife opened it first, and I saw her draw a very long face as she ran her eye over it. However, she rallied immediately, and handed the missive to me. I glanced over it.

"Whew!" said I. "Forty-five dollars for making a dress that cost only sixteen! Surely, Mary Ann, there must be some mistake here?"

"Oh! no, my dear," she said, briskly. "My brocade, you know, cost nearly sixty to make and trim, and this is fifteen dollars cheaper."

"But this dress cost only sixteen," said I.

"The cost of the dress, my dear," she replied, smiling benevolently at my ignorance, "has very little to do with the cost of making and trimming it."

"The dickens it has't!" I began.

"Hush!" said my wife, playfully putting her hand over my mouth. "Johnny, dear, you musn't swear." And, taking the bill, she commenced going over it item by item.

"Here," she said, "is the charge for making the dress—that is, for fitting and sewing it together, ten dollars. Now, I'm sure," she continued, appealingly, "that's reasonable; for it takes just as long, you know, to fit and sew together a cheap dress as a costly one!—it's the time that has to be paid for. Don't you see, dear?"

I was forced to nod assent to the fair logician, though it was with an internal groan.

"Then here's the linings, buttons and other small items, five dollars, which is low, very low. Consider how these matters count up. Besides, it takes time to go about matching the buttons to the dress."

I could not gainsay this, either; but I said to myself that there was thirty dollars still unaccounted for, and that it would "puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer" to reconcile this sum to any rational being's notion of economy.

"There's thirty dollars left," resumed Mrs. Jones, "which is for the Valenciennes——"

"The what?" I exclaimed.

"The Valenciennes, with which the sleeves are trimmed."

"Oh! that very common-looking lace!" said I.

"Common-looking!" cried Mary Ann, her eyes sparkling. Then she laughed comically. "That shows what you men know about laces. Why, Johnny, dear, it's real Valenciennes, and very cheap; and what's more, I can use it on something else, after the dress is worn out."

"But why put real Valenciennes, as you call it, on so cheap a dress?" I asked, in a tone of vexation.

"It's that very Valenciennes that gives the dress such a stylish look," said my wife. "Everybody knows it's a cheap material, and it's only the trimming that redeems it. All that I require is a Valenciennes collar to match it, and I shall be complete."

I could not speak for amazement. I was dumb, not merely at this strange notion of an economical dress, but at the utter unconsciousness my wife had that there was anything extravagant about it. She availed herself of my silence to expatiate on the beauty of Valenciennes, laces in general, and on that which trimmed her dress in particular; and warming with her subject, made it finally to appear that we were under infinite obligations to Madam Flourish for the opportunity of paying this bill and buying a collar to match her Valenciennes. Mrs. Jones was so earnest and sincere, that I thought it would be a pity to break her charming delusion. I resolved, therefore, to smoke second-rate cigars for the next six months, and indulge the dear creature in her wishes; and she looks so lovely, and seems so happy in her new dress and collar, that, to confess the truth, I don't regret what I have done.

Nevertheless, as an abstract proposition, I still hold to the secret opinion, that paying forty-five dollars for making and trimming a dress that cost only sixteen, doesn't exactly show a knack for economy.

An Idle Dream.—For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles and opposition, is to dream in the lap of folly's self. What should we amount to, were we not compelled to feel our way, to fall down and get up again, and learn that our theories are never according to the law of nature, but nothing more than the projection of our own limited perception upon the untried and unreal? We are, however, not to be discouraged on this account; we are rather to be the more satisfied of its being good and right for us. For in adversity and opposition we are tried; and trials are nothing more than tests of nature. Up from below do we go above. We are but the products of lower conditions. The material comes to its highest in this life, and gradually refined and got rid of after natural laws. Our experience is merely passing through these changes, which would be just no experience at all if we could manage to escape altogether. We ought not to make complaint, when we see how all things work together for our good.

Improvidence.—Next to the evil of living beyond one's means is that of spending all one's income. There are multitudes who are sailing so near shore that a slight wind in the wrong direction founders them. They get on well while the times are usual and the wages promptly paid; but a panic or a short period of sickness causes them to drop helpless. Many a father has ridden in a fine carriage till he came to his grave; then he has lain down, and his children have got out of the carriage and not only been compelled to walk but to go barefoot. Against parsimony and niggardliness we proclaim war; but with the same sentence we condemn those who make a "grand splash" while they live, leaving their families in destitution when they die.

Find Fault in Private.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. But parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness, with gentleness of demeanor and a regard to the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence.

Starting in the World.—Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparing all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of those who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value to him than all the wealth of the Indies.

Pain and pleasure, good and evil, come to us from unexpected sources. It is not there, where we have gathered up our brightest hopes, that the dawn of happiness breaks. It is not there, where we have glanced our eye in affright, that we find the deadliest gloom. What should this teach us? To bow to the great and only source of light and life humbly, and with confiding resignation.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

## News of Interest

A cremation society in New York think they will be able to dispose of the dead for the small sum of eight dollars each.

The Vikings must have degenerated, for we are told that the Danish king was very sea-sick on his voyage to Iceland. It is safe to assume that his old Norse ancestors did not suffer much from that malady.

Catgut, which is largely used in the manufacture of musical instruments, is prepared from the intestines of the sheep or goat, and its manufacture is confined chiefly to Italy. It is said that no manufacture of the article is known in this country.

Sir Mutu Coomara Swamy, of Ceylon, who has just been knighted by Queen Victoria, is remarkable as having been the first person who, being neither a Christian nor a Jew, was admitted a barrister of one of the English Inns of Court. He was called to the bar in January, 1863, at Lincoln's Inn. He has done much towards making the literature of India known to the western world, having published several works relating to Indian and Buddhistic philosophy; and he has given to the public an English translation of an interesting Hindoo drama, named "Arichandra."

The English *Poultry Review* very consistently recommends an increased consumption of eggs as food. It says: "Excellent sandwiches may be made of hard-boiled eggs and brown bread and butter; eggs spread on toast are fit food for kings; a poached egg—that is, one dropped from the shell into hot water—is not only clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel; eggs are better flavored without salt or pepper, a little sweet butter being the best dressing; persons who eat eggs freely may live to the age of 80 or 90; and, lastly, eggs contain much phosphorus and are the best food for those persons who are deficient in brains." This last idea is of the utmost importance to many persons.

Early in the last century it was semi-seriously suggested in the *Spectator* that considerable addition to the revenue of a country might be obtained by imposing a tax upon old maids and old bachelors, on the ground that celibacy is a luxury, and should be brought under the fiscal screw accordingly. What was jocosely suggested over a century and a half ago, in the reign of Queen Anne, has actually become a reality in the reign of Queen Victoria. Among the last news from Australasia is the authentic item that the provincial council of Auckland, capital of New Zealand, has actually instituted an annual tax of $5 per head on all bachelors, old and young, the proceeds to be applied to educational purposes.

Size and Cost of European Armies.—The following extracts are taken from a series of tables published in Vienna:

The Russian army comprises 862,000 men, 181,000 horses, and 3084 cannon.

Germany has 37 divisions of infantry, 10 divisions of cavalry, 337 batteries of artillery, comprising 835,000 men, 90,000 horses, and 2022 cannon.

Austria has 45 divisions of infantry, 5 divisions of cavalry, 215 batteries of cannon, making a total of 740,210 men, 58,125 horses, and 1600 cannon.

English armed forces comprise 471,000 men; France, 800,000 men.

The remaining States of Europe make up with the above a total of about 5,000,000 men. If each man could earn on an average a dollar daily, here would be a total loss to the world of five millions of dollars a day. And the cost of support and wages alone, including officers, will make five millions more, or ten millions a day, exclusive of the cost of arsenals, forts, ships, wagons, hospitals, etc.

The services rendered by elephants to the English army during the Abyssinian expedition have suggested an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by M. Guidoz, on the use of these animals in warfare. Such an elephant as that described by Major Skinner, whose narrative is quoted by M. Guidoz, would be a valuable auxiliary at any time. According to this account, the major was riding in a forest near Kandy, when he heard a muffled sound of "ourmph, ourmph," the peculiar cry of the elephant, and soon came upon a tame animal of this species, who, being left to himself, had undertaken the task of conveying away a large beam, which he carried across his tusks, progressing, however, but slowly, owing to the narrow limits of the path, which forced him to turn his head first on one side and then on the other, uttering "ourmphs" of vexation. Seeing the major approach, he threw down his load, and stood aside to let man and horse pass. The major's steed now trembled in every limb, when the sagacious beast, noticing his terror, backed still further into the jungle, uttering his "ourmph" in a gentle and encouraging tone; and, as soon as the horse had summoned up courage to proceed, he reappeared, took up the beam once more, and resumed his arduous undertaking.

Expressly bred for press purposes, a race of pigeons have been produced with powers which a few years ago would have been deemed impossible. Press carrier pigeons, though as a rule used only for short distances, in competition with the electric telegraph, can be specially trained to distances of five hundred miles, and frequently fly to England from Dublin, Brussels, Paris, Lisbon, and even Rome. The utilization of the instincts of birds for press purposes is being carried even further than this. An ocean homing-bird, of great docility, intelligence and spirit, has been found in Iceland, which flies at a meteor-like speed of a hundred and fifty miles an hour, and is able to find its home, over sea and land, from any part of the habitable world. A pair of these birds, a few days ago, brought despatches from Paris to a lonely spot, congenial to their nature, in a wild and rocky part of Kent, within ten miles of London, in an hour and a quarter. Press carrier pigeons took the dispatches on to the city, the whole distance from Paris to London, by actual parcel mode of conveyance, being accomplished within an hour and a half! If the experiments at present being made in training them continue successful, it is hoped to establish a daily miniature mail between America and Europe, the whole distance to be traversed between sunrise in one hemisphere and sunset in the other.

## COURT ETIQUETTE.

BY F. A. WILSON.

A certain giant being out at elbows went to Court to find employment; and all the Court would have laughed at him had they dared, he cut such a queer figure, with his long beard, and his great pipe that he was forever smoking. The King, however, thought it no laughing matter, for here was a fellow that could kick over his palace, if he happened to get in a rage; and what in the world could they find for this great clumsy monster to do? So he called all the wise men in the kingdom, and they sat in the council hall, and looked very solemn for seven days, but said never a word.

At the end of that time, the Princess, the King's only daughter, who was exceedingly silly, came tripping into the hall, and:

"La!" said she, "what a great fuss you make over nothing! I can settle the matter. I want a page in buttons, and he is precisely the proper person. I will take him into my service."

"Exactly!" said all the wise men all together, "That is just what we were going to propose when her Royal Highness took the words out of our mouth;" although nobody but such a foolish girl as the Princess would ever have thought of making a giant twenty-five feet high a page in buttons.

The King, however could see no other way out of the difficulty; so he sent for a tailor, and the tailor resting a ladder on the giant's shoulder, went upon it and took his measure. It required many yards of cloth, you may be sure, to make a suit for this astonishing page, and a whole cartload of buttons; for you see they had buttons all over the jacket, and on his cap and sleeves, and they would have had one on his nose, I believe, if they could have sewed one on. When the suit was finished, the giant, who was very stupid, as most giants are, thought, however, that he never looked so well in his life; and his silly mistress being very vain of a page twenty-five feet high, took him with her when she called on the other ladies of rank who were her neighbors; and these ladies, thinking that they had never seen anything so ridiculous, giggled behind their fans, while they pretended to admire him, and said, "Dear Princess, we really envy you. There never was anything so fine as your page."

At last one of the ladies, more malicious than the rest, said to the Princess:

"Now that you have your page, you have all that a Princess can possibly require, with the exception of one thing."

"What is that?" asked the Princess.

"You should get the King, your father, to make a law," replied the lady, "that no one except the Lady High Fiddlestick, the Dame of the Slippers, and the Queen, your mother, shall touch so much as your hand, on pain of instant death. You are too great a Princess to be approached like a common mortal."

"Why, so I am," said the Princess, "though I never thought of that before."

And home she posted to urge the King to pass this admirable law, without which she was fully persuaded she could no longer exist. The King and his Court, having nothing better to do, were quite ready to gratify her; therefore a decree was posted on all the trees and fences making it high treason for any one but the Queen, the Lady High Fiddlestick and the Dame of the Slippers, to touch even the Princess' hand, under any circumstances. The Princess now thought herself the grandest and happiest of human beings; and though every one was laughing at her stupidity, it made no difference to her, since she heard nothing of it.

Now the Princess had a habit of walking out every morning, followed by her huge page in buttons; and one fine day, coming to a great quaking bog, the Princess grew very curious to see what was on the other side of it.

"But your Royal Highness can't cross it," said the giant; "you will sink."

"A common person might sink," said the Princess, disdainfully, "but a Princess can't sink, especially in her own territory. This land belongs to me, and should know its duty better than to let me sink."

"Oh, of course," said the giant; for even his stupidity was not quite sure whether the bog would make the distinction between a princess and a peasant girl; and after a step or two he said, turning back, "Royal mistress, don't you think you had better let me carry you over? You will get your slippers muddy."

"Not for the world," the Princess, much shocked. "Have you forgotten that it is high treason to touch me?"

So holding up her trail, and trying to keep her slippers on, she began to pick her way across; but first she tore her gown, and then she lost one slipper and then the other, and then she stuck fast.

"Royal mistress," bellowed the giant, "don't you think I had better pull you out?"

"You stupid idiot!" cried the Princess, crossly, "haven't I told you it is high treason to touch me? Run for the Queen."

Away went the giant, three steps at a time, and, coming to the Court in a mighty bustle, asked for the Queen; but alas! she had gone on a ten days' journey; and instead of telling anybody his errand, the stupid fellow posted back to the quagmire, where the Princess by this time had sunk to her waist.

"Princess," said the giant, "the Queen, your mother, has gone on a ten days' journey."

"Mercy on us!" gasped the Princess, "run for the Lady High Fiddlestick."

Away trotted the giant four steps at a time, and, coming to the Court, found every one there in a bustle.

"Get a doctor," screamed one, "and bandages," said another, "and water and splints," and "oh, dear, dear!" sighed a third, "to think that a Lady High Fiddlestick should trip her foot on a vulgar, nasty stone, and break her arm! If I were King I would order every stone removed from the kingdom."

Back ran the giant five steps at a time.

"The Lady High Fiddlestick has just broken her arm, your Royal Highness."

"My stars!" cried the Princess, who had sunk to her neck, "get the Dame of the Slippers."

"Don't you think I had better pull you out, if it is high treason?" asked the giant.

"No, no! you mustn't—you can't—you shan't," squeaked the Princess. "Go quick, you booby, and do as you are told."

Off raced the giant, ten steps at a time, but when he came to Court everybody said, "Sshl sshl don't make such a noise; the Dame of the Slippers has just died."

Back galloped the giant with all his might, and made such good speed that he got to the bog just in time to see the tip of her bonnet going under the mud.

"Oh, what a pity! what a great pity!" sighed the giant, "that it would have been high treason to pull her out."

## A TRUE STORY, WITH A FAIRY IN IT.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

"Oh, gran'ma, if I had but one little piece of all this treasure what a glad girl I should be!"

Little Rose Darton stood at the corner of two streets, holding fast to her grandmother's hand, while she gazed with wide-open eager eyes into a jeweler's window, rich with gold and silver articles, which seemed to her an inexhaustible mine of wealth. It was a dreary night in December, and the chilly wind, carrying the snowflakes hither and thither, blew her hair in golden tangles all about her little white face.

"You will never have that, Rosie," said the pitiful, quavering voice of her old grandmother. "Let us go home now."

"Oh, but the splendor, gran'ma! Don't you know to-morrow is my birthday? and it seems as if these were fairy palaces, just lighted up for my sake! Do let us linger a little yet?"

"Fairy palaces are not for you or me, child, and this bitter cold is going through me."

When her grandmother said that, Rosie hastened her steps, holding her breath as she passed by the beautiful windows, for the breath that came over her pale little lips was the breath of desire, so hard for a child to control. She did not seem to feel the cold that night, perhaps because the wind of adversity had been blowing cold upon her young life ever since she could remember. And just then, too, her heart was so warm with the fire of sweet fancies! But the heart in Rosie's body was a tender one, and at the shiver which ran through her grandmother's frame she tightened her hold on the withered hand, hurrying more swiftly along the snowy footpath.

They were soon out of the city, the snow like a cloud about them, the bright lights fading like a dream in the distance, and their home, poor and cheerless though it was, a friendly sight. They reached the door, and went in. It was but a poor shelter against the bitter storm, the two little rooms in the midst of the wide, desolate common; but Rosie barred the door, lighted a fire of wood and coal, and put a new candle in the iron candlestick; then she crept close to her grandmother's feet before the fire.

Her grandmother was the only friend Rosie had in the world, and Rosie was the one treasure her grandmother had left; so that the love they gave each other was undivided.

"Aren't you going to bed, Rosie," her grandmother asked, at length, "while the room is warm? Maybe you'll have happy dreams before the dawn."

"No," said Rosie, shaking her head till the curls tumbled about her face again; "you must tell me a story first. Let it be of the summer time you used to know when you were little, like me."

"Little, like you! Ah, Rosie, child, that was such a long time ago that it makes me dizzy to look back to it! But I dream sometimes of a brighter summertime, when I shall leave this worn-out house, drop off these wrinkles and gray hairs, and be at home with pleasant gardens with the river of life flowing through!"

Rosie looked up in amazement as the dear voice dropped into silence; but there was a smile on the wrinkled face, and a glow, like that of the morning, over the gray pallor of the sunken cheeks.

"Ah," thought Rosie to herself, "if I might only get there, too, where it is always summer!"

And she shivered, for the wood had burned out, and the coals were turning to ashes. But there was a tiny glow on one corner of the hearthstone; and, almost as if her thought had answered itself, a low voice like music rose from the midst of the ashes.

Rosie looked again, rubbing her eyes to be sure she was awake; and there before her, in plain sight, was the prettiest little creature your brightest fancy can paint. She had blue eyes, and a golden halo about her head; so that Rosie could not tell where the gold of her hair faded into the gold of the atmosphere which surrounded her.

"How came you here?" asked Rosie softly.

"All her lifetime I have lived in your good grandmother's heart," said the dear little fairy, in her musical voice. "Now the spark of her life is gone out, and I am waiting to know if you will let me stay with you."

"But who *are* you?" cried Rosie, in amazement.

"You wished but a minute ago," continued the fairy, "that you could go where your grandmother is gone. I am the Fairy of Kind Words and Generous Deeds, and if you take me into your heart, I can show you the way, and help you to get there."

"I will!" cried Rosie, with a sudden sweet resolution.

And then, somehow, before she knew it, in some mysterious way the door of her heart swung open and the beautiful fairy slipped in. Rosie felt her heart grow warm and satisfied; and hiding her sleepy eyes on her grandmother's cold knees she fell asleep, while the candle, too, burned down to a little spark and went out.

* * * * *

In the morning, a rich lady was riding by in her carriage, all covered with soft fur robes, and discovered little Rose through the half-open door, which the wind had torn from its fastenings.

Moved with pity, she took her to her own luxurious home, which was bright with everything but children's faces, accepting her for her own little daughter. There the fairy stayed with little Rose Darton, until she, too, grew old. She heeded all the wise fairy's monitions, dealing out bountifully the comforts which had so strangely come to her to the poor and unfortunate for miles around; so that every voice lifted as she went by called her blessed, and every step she took was a step towards that beautiful summer land, where her dear old grandmother had gone.

### THE RETURN.

BY JULIA C. BENNETT.

I have waited for thy coming
Through the long and weary years;
I have listened for thy footstep,
And have quenched the rising tears,
As unworthy of thy trust.

I have daily watched the sunrise,
And my heart would grow so light,
As sweet hope would softly whisper,
"He may come before the night
Casts its shadow o'er the earth."

I have prayed for thee at midnight,
When all life was hushed and still,
While the stars would look with pity,
And my anguish seem to fill
All the balmy, summer air.

But the darkness now has vanished,
With its hours of doubt and fear,
And the future gladly beckons,
As my loved one draweth near
To the heart that loves him well.

# DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER!

OR,

# THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR.

**A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.**

BY ORPHINIA R. CHARNOCK.

[This serial was commenced in No. 6, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

## CHAPTER XV.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
Give no warning sign. —Finch.

A dark, sulphurous cloud hung over the Cawnpoor entrenchments, and the early morning air was hot and suffocating. The pounding of the mutineers' guns, the rattle of their musketry, and the wild, ear-splitting yells of the Sepoys, were silent for the time. There is a limit to all human endurance, and these swarthy fiends were so exhausted that they needed rest and sleep no less than the wretched defenders themselves.

Just as it was growing light on Wednesday morning, June 24th, the English sentry within the entrenchments observed a figure approaching from the direction of the mutineers, and which, as a consequence, had been permitted to pass under range of their guns without drawing their fire. The figure came boldly forward, walking straight toward the sentry, who raised his musket, and commanded "Halt!"

A short distance only separated the two, and the soldier saw that instead of a man, a well-dressed female of half *caste*, as it is termed, stood before him. In answer to the demand as to what her business was, she replied without the least appearance of trepidation:

"I am the bearer of a message from Nana Dhoondu Pent, Peishwa, to General Wheeler, offering him terms for the surrender of this place."

Ordering the female to remain where she was, word was sent to the commanding officer, stating the import of the message. General Wheeler returned answer by the female, in shape of a request that the Nana, or some one in his behalf, should come to the entrenchments, in order that the terms of the capitulation might be formally agreed upon; the messenger departed, and no more was seen of her during the day, nor of any other messenger from the rebel commander.

But there was no doubt of the surrender taking place. All firing upon the part of the mutineers had ceased, and it was evident that preparations were going on among them to receive the submission of the defenders who had defied them so long.

The excitement among the English was undemonstrative, but it was of the most intense character. All felt that they had at last approached the most critical period in their lives. If the Nana chose, he could carry the place by storm; before attempting which he had sent a formal summons to surrender, and admitted his readiness to offer terms.

What would those terms be, was the all important question that was agitated. The men gathered in groups and discussed the situation, the women approached the well, and drew water without fear of harm; even the sick and wounded, in many cases, raised themselves, and indulged in speculations upon the one absorbing theme.

As the Nana had sent word that he would give terms, the very least that he could do was to pledge himself to spare the lives of the prisoners, and to insure considerate treatment to the women and children. Less than this, of course, would be no terms at all.

Some uneasiness was felt at the delay of the Nana. The English watched the movements of the Sepoys through their glasses, but could not detect any signs of excitement. The men seemed simply to be resting, or rather waiting the command to renew the fire, and as the Nana's headquarters were in the rear and out of sight, it could only be conjectured what was going on there.

General Wheeler was quite cheerful and hopeful at the turn affairs had taken. He considered himself fortunate in having secured the demand of the Nana, instead of first offering to capitulate. He believed it placed matters in a better shape, as the Rajah would be more likely to grant more liberal conditions.

Captain Moore, of the Thirty-second Bengal Grenadiers, was deputed by General Wheeler to meet the messenger of Nana Sahib, and to arrange the terms of the capitulation. This officer, it will be remembered, was among the most daring of the defenders in the entrenchments.

On the succeeding day, amid a breathless silence within and without the entrenchments, the agent of the Nana, Azimoollah by name, was seen approaching with a retinue of rebel troops. He advanced within a short distance of the defences, when he halted, and Captain Moore walked out to where he was waiting.

He was received courteously, and the two at once proceeded to business. Azimoollah stated that Nana Sahib authorized him to pledge that upon the garrison surrendering the position it occupied within the entrenchment, and abandoning Cawnpoor, with the public treasure, guns and magazine, the lives of all the Europeans and native converts at the station should be spared, and they would be at liberty to depart with their arms, colors, ammunition, and personal baggage, in boats to be provided by Nana Sahib for their safe and immediate conveyance down the Ganges to the city of Allahabad.

These terms were taken down in writing by Azimoollah, the agent, who returned with them to Cawnpoor, and here, on the 26th of June, 1857, they were solemnly ratified by Nana Dhoondu Pent, Peishwa, under his seal and signature, with the usual oaths that had always been held sacred by the Hindoo race—his principal officers joining in the ceremony. As a further evidence of his good faith, a supply of provisions were sent within the entrenchments, and the spirits of the garrison rebounded from the depression under which they had been laboring so long.

So much time had been occupied in these formal proceedings, it was mutually agreed that the surrender itself should take place the next day. In the meantime, the English were permitted, as a matter of course, to pass wherever they chose within the entrenchments, but they considered themselves bound by honor not to go outside, nor attempt to take any advantage of the truce that was then prevailing, and which could not terminate until ended by the Nana himself.

The greater portion of the day was spent by the survivors in preparing for the change. Several old campaigners showed some distrust at the shape affairs had taken. They had been in India long enough to understand the perfidious character of the natives, and they quietly remarked that they would save their congratulations until their arrival at Allahabad.

At daybreak on Saturday, June 27th, the arrangements being all completed, the public treasure, amounting to a little less than three lacs (about $175,000), was turned over to the agents of Nana Sahib. This done, sick and wounded persons, all the females and children, were placed in carriages sent up to the entrenchments, and under the escort of the mutineers, were driven to one of the ghats (steps that led down to the river), to which place the officers and soldiers, included in the capitulation, made their way, following close behind the carriages.

Here there was some delay while waiting for the boats that were to carry them to their destination. Most of the survivors were in good spirits, General Wheeler, seated with his family in a carriage, seemed very hopeful that everything would come out right.

At this juncture, when the whole party were in waiting, and the swarthy faces of the Sepoys were scowling savagely upon them, one of their number advanced to where the surrendered commander was waiting, and thrusting his head in the carriage, said something in low, hurried tones. What the precise words were which he uttered can never be known, but when he turned his swarthy countenance away, all looking at him, saw that the General was striving to hide his violent agitation.

The Snake-Charmer had probably acquainted himself with the vehicle in which Cora, with two or three others were seated, for he walked straight to that, and thrust his head within.

"Dowlah!" exclaimed the surprised lady, in low, but pleased voice, "I am glad to see you."

"I am sorry to see you here."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"General Wheeler has done wrong; he ought not to have surrendered."

"But there was no help for it; he could not hold out any longer."

"Then he ought to have died fighting. Could I have arrived sooner, he should not have yielded."

"But Nana Sahib has promised to send us all to Allahabad."

The Snake-Charmer was about to make some reply when his cat-like vigilance warned him that some one was near, and in the most natural manner possible he added:

"Your sail down the river will be pleasant. The current is strong and swift, and it is cooler than upon land. It will not take long to reach Allahabad."

"How far away is it?"

"One hundred and forty-three miles by the river; you can make the journey in three or four days in the boats."

"And General Havelock is stationed there, and we shall obtain rest. I am told that these people have been twenty-two days in the entrenchments."

"Yes, they fought well; but they had to succumb to Nana Sahib, and all the English in India must soon bow to the King of Delhi."

This was uttered in a louder voice than usual, and was palpably intended for the ear of the other Sepoy, who had approached the carriage. A moment later his footsteps were heard as he moved away again.

It was then the Snake-Charmer spoke, in a quick, husky whisper:

"When you get upon the boats keep out of range of the guns upon the shore."

"What do you mean?" asked the horrified girl.

"*I mean that you are betrayed!*" replied Dowlah, as he hastily withdrew.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"TRUST NOT THE MAHRATTA."

At the foot of the steps leading down from the bank of the river, Nana Sahib had provided seventeen boats, which, under charge of native boatmen, came up in turn to receive their passengers.

Into the first were placed a number of sick and wounded, when it dropped down the shore a few rods, where it was held at rest while the others were receiving their human cargo. This was continued until the whole seventeen had the Cawnpoor defenders upon them; not one of the entire number who had come out that morning was left behind. At this juncture they all lay along the shore in a line, ready to start on their voyage down the Ganges to Allahabad.

The boats furnished on this occasion bore some resemblance to the ordinary yacht of the present day, except that they were more elaborate in their ornamentations and were much more awkward and clumsy in their movements. Each was furnished with a single mast near the centre, with a broad square sail.

Everything being in readiness, the boats began shoving off, when several Sepoys upon the shore called to the native boatmen to land and receive their pay. They instantly leaped from each vessel, and as they did so shoved the boats clear of the bank, up which they hurriedly ran. Left alone, the English laid down their muskets, took off their coats, and began working with the poles and oars.

At this instant, two guns, that had been masked near the steps, were run out, and opened fire upon the boats, while the Sepoys came rushing towards the spot, firing their muskets at the defenceless fugitives, who were thrown into the wildest panic by the perfidious attack.

Most of the men leaped out of the rear boats, and attempted to swim to those that had already started down stream; others swam wildly about, and were picked off by the marksmen upon shore. The guns continued to pour discharges of grape into the vessels, several of which, loaded with the wounded and helpless, were set on fire.

The cavalry followed along the banks, and rode their horses out into the river, where they used their revolvers and swords upon the miserable wretches who were frantically struggling there. Some of the cooler of the soldiers did their utmost to work their boats to the opposite bank of the river, but it seemed as if fate was against them.

A number of Sepoys of the Seventeenth Native Regiment, who had mutinied at Azimghur a few days before, were straggling through this neighborhood, on the other side of the Ganges, when they heard the sound of the firing, and at once hurried to the river bank. They reached the spot just as three of the boats touched land and the fugitives were about leaping out. All the boats, then, with the exception of two, were captured and turned back. Some twenty soldiers, who had jumped into the river and succeeded in escaping the storm of bullets, reached the opposite shore, and were hurrying up the bank when they were charged upon by a number of troopers of the Oude cavalry, and all massacred.

About four hundred and fifty embarked in these boats; a large portion were killed in the attack, while the others were brought back to the ghat. Here they were landed, and the Sepoys standing around poured volley after volley in upon them, until all the men were shot down. The women and children, many of whom were wounded, were spared, as it was stated, to be held as hostages.

From the presence of the massacre of their relatives they were conducted to the Subada Kothee, a house formerly belonging to the medical department of the European troops, into which they were huddled together, where they were left days with neither food nor drink except a small quantity of parched grain and water.

Leaving them in this terrible situation, our narrative compels us to take up the fortunes of the other two boats, which by miraculous good fortune kept well out in the stream, and were carried rapidly downward by the swift current.

When General Wheeler comprehended the treacherous attack, he and several soldiers used the poles, and heedless of shouts, shrieks and groans, continued steadily at work. Several were stricken down; two, suffering unbearable agony from their wounds, leaped overboard and were drowned.

In this boat were Cora Wilson, the wife and three daughters of General Wheeler, and some half a dozen females besides. Remembering the warning of Dowlah, most of them clustered together in the bottom of the boats, so that nearly all the bullets passed over them. The men wrought desperately in the hopes that the fierceness of the attack would diminish, and they would be permitted to continue their journey unmolested; but a swarm of Sepoys followed along the banks continually firing, and a number waded into the water as if they meant to swim out.

Still to pause or to cease labor was certain death, and the men felt that they had better be shot down than captured. General Wheeler forgot his wound and toiled like a giant, while the terror-stricken women and children, huddled in the bottom of the vessel, could only wait in mute terror the last act of what bid fair to be the final scene of all.

Looking back up the Ganges a terrible scene presented itself. On the bank, above the steps, the two cannons could be seen, still booming away at the doomed vessels, while fully a thousand Sepoys were dashing and dancing along the shore, swinging their arms aloft and firing their guns continually. Three of the vessels were in flames, drifting helplessly down stream. Men could be heard shouting, swearing and praying in their last agony. A number of wet, draggling wretches were seen crawling up the banks, where the rebel cavalry appeared, cleaving their skulls with their scimetars; here, there, everywhere, the heads of men could be seen floating upon the water, as they frantically struggled to get beyond reach of the bullets; and women, not knowing how to swim, blindly fought to keep afloat, and finding it impossible, went down; many of them holding their infants above their heads.

"Father! father! here they come," suddenly exclaimed the younger daughter of the general; "they are climbing into the boat."

As she spoke, the dark faces of several Sepoys suddenly appeared above the gunwale, as they struggled to get in among the females; their long black hair hanging over their gleaming eyes, made them as frightful looking objects as it is possible to imagine. Three of them carried long, gleaming knives, which they were in the act of using when General Wheeler and several of his companions turned upon them.

Nana Sahib had permitted the officers and soldiers to carry their personal arms, and there was something peculiarly enjoyable in the manner in which General Wheeler and one of his officers shot down these swarthy fiends. Crack, crack, crack, just three shots, and every one of them tumbled back into the water, and experienced something of the dying anguish which they had helped to inflict upon so many innocent and helpless ones.

The other boat was a considerable distance in advance; these were the only two remaining uncaptured, and, as may be believed, the Sepoys strove as hard to prevent their getting away as they, themselves, did to place their vessels beyond all danger.

By the time these two boats had gone a couple of miles, every man who had embarked in the fifteen other boats, whether wounded or well, had been shot or cut to death. All those still living of the garrison of Cawnpoor were in the two that were running the gauntlets, with such little prospect of reaching the goal in safety.

After passing some distance down the Ganges, the river became quite tortuous, and the two boats that had escaped thus far lost sight of each other; but, as they were incapable of mutual assistance, it made no difference, and those in each boat had their hands full without looking beyond the Sepoys, who seemed to be upon every hand.

By this time the number of pursuers had so diminished that the overworked men secured by turns a brief rest. They were still anxious to get forward, but were too exhausted to put forth any effort for some time to come. Late in the afternoon, there was so much suffering among these fugitives that by General Wheeler's direction they ran into shore, with the intention of resting until morning.

This advice was given after each had carefully scrutinized both banks, and failed to detect the slightest sign of danger; but they had scarcely landed, when a number of men sprang up from the bushes along shore, and captured the whole party, at a place near Jaujmou. They had struggled with almost superhuman endurance, only to be betrayed at the last moment, and had they the will and the wish to struggle further, they were physically unable to do so; it was certain from General Wheeler's appearance that he could live but a little while longer, and several others of the bravest seemed ready to expire.

Within three days from the time of this capture the party were taken back to Cawnpoor, when every living man was put to death, while the females joined the other sufferers in the loathsome Subada Kothee.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The night comes down with an angry frown,
And the fierce wind shrills on the lonely moor;
Look back—to the lights in the distant town;
Look on—to the dreary waste before.
—*Wm. Winter.*

Before resuming the thread of our personal narrative, we must give the history of the other boat which escaped some distance from Cawnpoor during the general panic which marked the attack of the mutineers upon the fugitives.

The moving spirit of this vessel was Lieutenant Delafosse, who will be remembered as the officer that extinguished the burning ammunition wagons in the entrenchments, at the time there was such imminent danger of all being blown up. He preserved his coolness amid these renewed dangers, and directed his whole attention to getting his boat as far from the shore, and as rapidly down stream as possible. Fortunately he had half a dozen fellows as cool and daring as himself, and they were making good progress, when two of the boats near them were swamped, and a number of the survivors clambered into theirs. They could not refuse them admission, although self defence would permit it, but they helped all in that they could, and worked harder than ever.

"Never say die," cried the lieutenant, as they resumed their labors, "we have had a taste of hell for the last fortnight, and we can stand it a little longer. If I'm shot and lurched overboard, don't stop to pick me up. Just work ahead."

"That's the talk," replied a comrade, who liked the true grit of the remark. "I'd rather, by a long shot, be riddled by the devils while I am at work here, than to sit down and let them gobble us up, as they're doing with the others."

"You're right," said the Lieutenant, "let's work with a will, and there's still a chance to get out again with whole skins."

In spite of the cheering words of this brave officer, it looked very much as if none would escape the vigorous pursuit of the Sepoys. In less than two miles half of those in the boat were either killed or wounded, and the mutineers kept following them throughout the entire day. They did not fire so continuously, as they seemed to be satisfied all would fall into their hands eventually, when they could kill them in whatever form their fancy might suggest.

Those that were dead were rolled overboard, and their numbers was such that the buoyancy and speed of the boat were materially increased thereby. Several were in favor of making a cautious landing as soon as it should become dark, but Delafosse saw that such an attempt would be more fatal in their case than it proved with General Wheeler, for the latter and his brother officers were saved from immediate death by the presence of the women, while with the other, as they had no females in their party, instant death would follow capture. Furthermore, in case they should land and remain concealed until the morrow, they would then be hunted down with as much certainty as if a pack of bloodhounds were placed upon their trail.

Beside all this it was nearly impossible to effect a landing without discovery; the night was clear and moonlit, the infantry kept up a constant watch, and, as if they were afraid their presence would be forgotten, at intervals of a few minutes, sent a volley in the direction of the dark boat that was drifting down the middle of the Ganges.

"It's likely the current runs so fast," said Delafosse, as he proceeded to help himself and some of his friends to lunch with as much coolness as if he were in the mess house at Calcutta, "that there isn't so much need of our tugging away at the oars. All we have to do is to make sure that we don't run aground, or some of those gentry don't slip out to us and gobble us up, boats and all. What a set of fools they are, anyway. They have fired a thousand shots into us, to-day, and they still keep at us, till it's enough to make a gentleman swear. But look! did you see that?"

As he spoke, he held up a chupattie, or rather a part of one, between his fingers, and showed how it had been cut in two, as neatly as if done with a razor, by a bullet from one of the Sepoys upon shore.

"There's half a mouthful left," he said. "That's secured, anyway," he added, as he tossed it down his throat; "and here goes another, and if anybody wants to bet that I won't make a dinner in spite of all their infernal pills, I'm ready."

Thus they jested and laughed, as men will do when in the presence of death, and their mirth was scarcely checked when one of their number, with a sudden hiccoughing sound, threw up his arms and fell backward, shot through the brain by a bullet from one of the vigilant fiends that were following them down the bank.

True, there was a lull, but it lasted scarcely longer than the plash of the body in the water, when it went on again. Any of us looking upon the scene would have recalled those wonderful verses of Waring's, picturing a scene in the same land:

"We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter,
It seems as the dead were there."

Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink 'fore our comrades' eyes;
One cup to the dead already;
Hurrah for the next that dies.

* * * * * *

"Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest are gone before us,
And the dullest are left behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize!
One cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies!"

When the lunch, if such it may be termed, was finished, a number produced their pipes and proceeded to light and smoke them, with the same apparent indifference as if seated by their own fireside in merry England, thousands of miles away. But the soldiers were not as indifferent nor reckless as they seemed to be. They had taken every precaution possible to protect themselves from the bullets that continued to fall about them; and they succeeded, after some difficulty, in providing quite an ingenious and effective shelter against the musketry of the mutineers.

And thus drifting down the Ganges, with the merciless wretches watching with the utmost vigilance, the first chance to shoot their lives away, the little band of English soldiers sang the old song that they had sung so often in the Cawnpoor entrenchments, "Annie Laurie."

There was something in the time and surroundings so impressive in this performance, and at the same time so characteristic, that the Sepoys themselves were struck, and the firing almost instantly ceased until the song was finished, when a spiteful volley was sent in, as if to make amends for the time lost.

Thus the long summer night wore away, and the morning dawned with the men quite hopeful of ultimate escape. They were too old campaigners not to use all the senses at their command, and thus it was that just at daybreak they saw a large gun upon the bank near Nuzuffghur, the gunners evidently waiting for them, with the infantry still following on both sides, nothing remained except to run the gauntlet, and this they did with the same coolness and courage that had characterized them all through their trying ordeal; the balls flew wide of the mark, and they proceeded on their way, with the infantry still following and firing.

Thus the second day and a greater part of the night passed away, and everything promised well for a safe deliverance, when to their dismay, in rounding a bend in the river, their boat ran aground, the prow remaining so deeply in the mud that it was impossible to remove it. Directly any one got into the water, they were fired upon and shot down at once.

"Let's charge them, boys!" exclaimed Lieutenant Delafosse, and fourteen of the men dashed through the water and up the bank after the Sepoys, who scattered pell mell in every direction. In their impetuosity the men followed them too far, and found their retreat to the river cut off, so that they in turn were compelled to retire to avoid being surrounded.

Approaching the river by a detour a mile further down, they found still a large force in front. Whereupon they fired a volley into them, and rushed for a temple standing near by, with the rebels in pursuit. The latter succeeding in killing one and in wounding another before they secured the shelter of the temple, where the lieutenant and his men supposed they were safe for the present.

Within the temple, they stationed themselves near the door and fired upon every mutineer who showed himself. After this had continued some time, the Sepoys seemed to comprehend that there was but one way in which to dislodge the hated English. They gathered a large quantity of wood, which was heaped up all around the temple, and fired.

This was more than the fugitives had counted upon, and it looked very much as if they were caught in a fatal trap. They stood where they were until almost strangled with the smoke; they gathered together, made a dash through the fire itself, and reached outside without losing one of their number.

There were too many of the howling wretches around to think of remaining to fight, and the whole dozen ran with might and main for the river, with the entire horde chasing and firing into them. Five were killed, so that only seven succeeded in plunging into the water, and these had swam but a short distance when two more were shot; the artillerymen kept wading into the river and firing at them from the bank—but they proved such miserable marksmen that no further serious injury was inflicted.

This fusilade was kept up for two or three miles, when one of the fugitives became so wearied that he turned upon his back to swim in that fashion, and before any one noticed the direction he was taking, he had gone so close to the shore that he was killed.

The four soldiers who were left, continued floating and swimming down the river for several miles further, when the firing suddenly ceased and the Sepoys withdrew, perhaps with their ammunition exhausted. While the poor fellows were debating whether to land or continue further, some natives approached from the Oude side and called to them to land, promising protection. Unable to continue further, the four men struggled ashore and gave themselves up.

They were taken six miles inland to a rajah, friendly to the English, who gave them food and treated them with the greatest kindness. On the last day of July the four started for Allahabad, but had gone only ten miles when they encountered a detachment of the Eighty-fourth Regiment, which they joined and returned to Cawnpoor.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Then rely
In faith on Him, and thou shalt never find
Hope disappointed, or reliance vain.
—*Casket.*

The second act of the dark Cawnpoor tragedy is close at hand.

Officers and soldiers had all been cut down with the sword or shot while fighting for life against overwhelming numbers, and the women and children, numbering something over two hundred, were crowded into a small building, formerly attached to the medical department of the European troops, and which was known by the name of Subada Kothee.

Here they were allowed to remain several days, suffering intensely from wounds, sickness, heat, thirst and lack of food. It seemed to be the wish of Nana Sahib to slay all of these, but there is reason to believe that he was actuated by several motives in sparing their lives. In the first place, he knew that the old king of Delhi would prefer that none but the males should be slain, and the Rajah was very desirous of gaining his good opinion. Then he was well aware that the crime which he had committed was such as to insure him the most terrible retribution in case he should be driven to the wall by the English, and he saw that with these females held as hostages, it would be an easy matter to compel his conquerors to spare his life; and lastly, there were many comely women among the group, whom he was desirous of keeping for himself and favorite counsellors.

"Where is this to end?" Cora Wilson asked herself, as she sat weary, helpless and wretched, in one corner of the dimly lighted Subada Kothee, looking out upon the miserable group around her.

Several days had passed since the massacre in the boats, and the days that she had lived in Cawnpoor were like the memory of some horrible dream.

"Can it be that I am still in the possession of my mind?" she said, really doubtful whether or not her reason still retained its throne.

"I am sure that that long, delightful voyage in the Nautilus, with darling Ned; those promenades along the deck, with the soft moonlight shining down upon us, and the face of the ocean like a mirror—I am sure that that is all reality. And then our parting in Calcutta, oh! how I wish that were not real, but some unpleasant dream from which I might soon awake; then the long, wretched ride, by car and boat and carriage, until the Snake-Charmer left me within the Cawnpoor entrenchments, just as they were upon the eve of surrendering.

"How the later, and more awful vision creeps upon me," she added, in a hushed, awe-stricken whisper; "the surrender, the mile and a half ride from the entrenchments to the steps on the banks of the Ganges, with the elephants, Sepoys and the soldiers accompanying us; the embarkation, the treacherous attack, the burning boats, the struggling and fighting and dying in the water, our own recapture and return to this terrible place; the shooting of the brave General Wheeler, and all the men who were with us, our incarceration here—all these make up a picture and experience such as might well unsettle the reason of any one.

"It is a hard dispensation," she continued, looking around the room; "it would seem that the cup of our misery is full to overflowing. There sits Miss Wheeler, all alone—father, mother and two sisters dead within the last two days. Yet why should I murmur, when I look upon her, or upon these others, who have lost husbands, brothers, children by the cruelty of these heartless, terrible people. Thank God! that I am alone here, with not even dear Ned in danger; but if I could see him long enough to bid him good-bye, I could die content."

They received better treatment than heretofore, but a general impression prevailed that the only emergence from this place would be through the Shadowy Valley. It could not be expected that the majority, after enduring such suffering and personal affliction in the death of so many of their relatives, could have desired much else.

As the mind of Cora Wilson gradually recovered its wonted tone she found herself continually debating whether there was not some means of escape at command. She knew well enough that alone and unaided she could accomplish nothing. But where was Dowlah? Was he powerless to befriend her? Could not his ingenious mind devise some means of extricating her? Had he already ventured as far as his pledge to Captain Livingston required?

These were the questions which the girl constantly put to herself, and which she could only answer in a hopeless way. She believed he would come; she expected him, and she was not disappointed.

The unspeakably dreary days had worn by, and it was now near the close of the second week in July. The Subada Kothee was such a secure building that the only sentinels needed were one or two in front. These, of course, were changed at certain times, and whenever a new one came upon duty, Cora carefully scrutinized his countenance, in the hope that she might discover her friend, but she saw nothing of him, and was about to give up in despair, when, one evening, just as it was growing dusk, her heart was thrilled by the sight of Dowlah, who, relieving the guard on duty, took his place.

It was, indeed, the Snake-Charmer, with a musket on his shoulder, pacing quietly back and forth, as though waiting the time when permission should be given to put every one of the helpless women and children to death.

Cora carefully picked her way among her companions until she had crept as near as possible, when she paused and watched. The weather was so oppressively hot that they had been permitted to open the door.

Dowlah, pacing back and forth thus, came in full view every few seconds. For a time he did not look towards the prisoners, but acted as if he scorned to notice them. Finally Cora, who was intently watching his countenance, saw his dark eyes gleam furtively toward her as he passed in front of the open door.

"He is looking for me," was the thought which thrilled her bosom.

She was twenty feet distant, and they had been forbidden under penalty of death to venture nearer the door, but she overstepped the limit and pronounced in a cautious undertone the one word, "Dowlah."

The Snake-Charmer turned his eye, but not his head, and made not the slightest deviation in his gait. Slight as was the evidence, the girl was satisfied that he recognized the situation, and she anxiously awaited his next movement. The situation, in case he was making ready to open communication with her, was a peculiarly delicate one, as several Sepoys were lounging within a few feet of him who could see the slightest movement upon his part.

All at once the sentinel seemed to discover that one of the prisoners had ventured beyond the "dead-line," and suddenly drawing up his musket he took several quick steps towards her, holding the weapon scarcely a foot distant from her bosom as if he meant to run her through with the bayonet.

"By the Prophet, I would kill you, had not the Nana commanded that you should be kept to serve as one of his wives!"

Cora, really startled by the unexpected action of Dowlah, hastily retreated before his flaming face, and he threw his weapon back in place. As he did so she noticed that something fell from his coat to his feet, and as he started back to his station he managed to give it a neat twist with his sandal, which flirted it directly against her dress.

It was enough. She knew that it was meant for her, and she managed to secure possession of it without attracting the attention of any one within or without the Subada Kothee.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHASED BY TARTARS.

### An Adventure in the Shan-Ting-Kiang.

BY BLUE JACKET.

It was during the year 1858 that the allied fleet lay at anchor off the Taku forts. Tien-Tsin had been occupied and an entrenched camp formed on the river, the force in the meanwhile waiting impatiently for negotiations to be brought to a termination.

The only man-of-war flying the stars and stripes on the station had been ordered to join the fleet, not with the intention of engaging in active operations, but simply to watch the movements and further the purpose of the allies.

It was anything but pleasant lying off the desolate coast, where nought but muddy water, reedy fields and occasional bands of armed braves (Chinamen) could be seen. The daily routine of duty became a bore, officers and men moved about the deck with a listless air, but nothing occurred to break up the monotony which preyed heavily upon all.

Tempted by the myriad numbers of wild duck, yellow-legged partridges and innumerable wild fowl, Jack Reed, the paymaster, accompanied by Royal Lemar, the junior lieutenant of the American sloop-of-war, left the ship one morning at daylight to engage in a day's sport.

They had been warned by the first lieutenant to keep their weather eyes open and steer clear of the Imperial soldiers.

"The long-tailed scamps know no difference between us and the allies yonder, who bestow a kick upon them whenever an opportunity occurs. It has stirred up all their bad blood, and I tell you, boys, if you value your figure-heads do not go beyond the sound of the ship's bell."

The first lieutenant had been on the station for a number of years—had come in contact with the natives on more than one occasion, and, consequently, was well posted in the treacherous, cringing habits of the Celestials.

Armed with double-barreled guns, the two friends took possession of the dingy, a light, fast-pulling boat, and before the mists of early morn had rolled away they were pulling up the muddy waters of the Shan-Ting-Kiang, a small tributary of the Tien-Tsin river.

The excitement of the sport, the novelty of new scenes and objects of interest effectually banished from the minds of the young men the words of caution volunteered by the old gray haired executive.

Royal was pulling the boat, which although provided with a mast and sail, could not be used for the lack of wind. The current was running swiftly against them; wide detours had to be made in order to avoid rocks, sand bars and shoals which appeared to spring up on every side. The pent-up waters of the tributary rushed furiously along, casting showers of spray on high, compelling the paymaster to exercise the utmost skill to steer clear of the dangerous obstacles.

Sheering alongside the bank, the boat was made fast to the trunk of a large tree overhanging the river. Exhausted with the violence of his exertions, the lieutenant declined to pull further up the stream.

"It is too hard work, Jack, using those sculls, upon my word it is. What do you say to a ramble ashore? I see a pile of old ruins across the plain yonder. Perhaps it may be of interest to overhaul them. What do you say?"

"Anything, Lemar, to pass away time."

Shouldering their light sporting guns they were soon *en route* for the remains of what once had been an ancient temple. The soil over which they were obliged to traverse was sticky and treacherous. Wild serge grass grew in detached clumps, and bunches of coarse rushes encumbered the wet, soggy ground. As they gained the more elevated land upon which the temple had been built, the earth became hard, firm and unyielding.

Leaping over the debris of stones and decayed woodwork, they penetrated to the innermost recesses of the quaint old relic of a bygone age. Suddenly a cry of alarm from Jack, followed by:

"Run for your life, Lemar, to the boat, the imps are coming!"

The lieutenant, who had been reposing his tired limbs on a little spot of grassy verdure, jumped hastily to his feet, glanced over the broad level country, when a party of vicious looking Tartars, mounted on rugged little ponies, burst suddenly upon his startled vision. Their long spears were in rest, the heavy gingals were unslung, the rough, shaggy ponies had been urged into a gallop, and the party, uttering wild yells, bore rapidly down upon the ruins where the forms of the two officers were plainly revealed to their view.

"Come on, Jack, follow me; mind your helm and don't yaw about so as to part company, or, mark my words, there will be a vacancy amongst the staff officers. Strike out for the boat, old fellow; a stern chase is always a long one, you know."

"But their ponies, Lemar; they will run us down at their leisure, and our bones will bleach in you cursed marsh."

"No they won't, Jack. I don't propose to lose the number of my mess this time. Once we gain the marsh, we will make as good time as the ponies—the mud and mire will bother them."

Clinging desperately to their guns, the two friends darted along the high, dry ridge at the top of their speed, until they had gained a point nearly opposite the spot where they had left the dingy. Full three miles of soft, sedgy land intervened between them and the bank of the river, while in the rear a dozen well armed soldiers were urging their ponies along at a furious gait, all anxious to have the first blow at the "foreign devils."

The Tartars were forced to swerve from the course they had been pursuing, in order to avoid the somewhat formidable pile of ruins, thereby affording the two officers an opportunity to gain a good start. When the armed band reined up their tough little steeds on the edge of the marsh, their would-be victims were ploughing steadily through the mud and water, their eyes fastened upon the distant trunk of the old tree.

A wild yell of rage and hate rang out on the cool air, echoing ominously in the ears of the sportsmen. A clatter and clash was heard as the entire party urged their ponies into the marsh, the animals plunging furiously as they sank deep into the adhesive mud of the field.

The rapid bang! bang! of the gingals reverberated with a sullen roar along the surface of the country, while the sharp, shrill whistle of the balls made anything but pleasant music in the ears of the fleeing Europeans. The mud and water, together with grass and rushes, had been cut about them on all sides, but Chinamen are, at the best, poor marksmen, and no harm had as yet resulted from the furious fusilade brought to bear upon them. It only served to accelerate their pace, while the Chinamen continued to waste their ammunition in hopes, probably, of bringing either one or the other down.

"They are gaining upon us, Lemar; it's no use. I cannot run another step. I'll stop here, make a stand, and fight it out."

"Hang to it, Jack; don't give up the ship. Another mile and we shall have gained the boat."

"It is impossible, my wind is all gone." And the poor paymaster, pale and gasping, threw himself behind a bunch of grass and rushes reaching as high as his head. Cocking both barrels of his gun, he turned resolutely towards the Tartars, who were still some distance off.

"Leave me, Lemar, keep on to the boat; there is no use in us both losing our lives. Off with you while you have time."

"When I desert a shipmate. I'll enlist as a private in the marine corps," promptly responded the sailor, as he ranged up alongside his friend. "Keep cool, Jack, reserve one barrel, and we may work out of this yet. Here they come—fire!"

Two ringing reports burst forth full in the faces of the moustached Tartars, who were advancing against the two friends in extended order, flourishing their swords and clashing them against the small round shields which every one of them carried on his left arm. They had slung their gingals on their backs, preferring their speare and swords for the melee.

Two of them dropped from the high peaked saddles, well peppered with duck shot, and Lemar, uttering a shout of defiance, charged headlong among the survivors, closely followed by Jack, who had, in a measure, regained both his breath and confidence.

"Give them the other barrel when necessary, Jack, and do your best to catch 'em and their ponies."

Spurring on his pony, a huge Tartar rode full tilt at the lieutenant, who, agile as a monkey, sprang to one side, parrying a deadly thrust of the fellow's lance on the short, stubby barrels of the fowling piece. With a shout of rage he turned, whirling his horse short around, but only to receive the second instalment of duck shot. The brave reeled in his saddle, the sharp lance dropped from his nerveless grasp, and springing forward, Lemar tore him from his saddle, leaping nimbly into the rude seat, as the soldier sank amid the mud and mire of the field.

With a rapid glance he looked about for the paymaster, who less fortunate than himself, had not succeeded in wresting a pony from the enemies' hands. Whirling his gun about him, Jack managed to keep three of the tartars at bay, who were slashing at him with savage determination. The remainder of the party had turned their attention upon the lieutenant, who had made the most of his time by reloading the huge gingal belonging to the fallen brave. A handful of bullets had been poured into the capacious muzzle, which was brought to bear upon the dismayed horsemen; a stunning report, and under cover of the smoke, Lemar dashed upon the three soldiers opposed to Jack.

"Give 'em the other barrel, Jack; now is your time, old fellow," and with the words came the report. A yell, a moan of pain, and the paymaster found himself freed from his late persistent adversaries. A pony, minus a rider, stood close by, and clambering into the saddle, the two started for the river's bank as fast as the ponies could carry them.

Lemar never ascertained the amount of execution performed by the gingal, but glancing over his shoulder as the pony plunged through the mire and water he caught a glimpse of a confused mass of men and ponies floundering about in the grass and rushes, while angry yells and a rattling fusilade of gingals testified to to the impotent rage of the braves.

The old trunk overhanging the river was not over a quarter of a mile distant; already the dingy could be seen bobbing up and down to the miniature waves caused by a brisk breeze blowing diagonally across the stream. A dark bank of clouds was rapidly rising and spreading over the heavens, while the distant mutter of thunder gave warning of the near approach of a severe squall.

A wild, ringing shout in their rear echoing with a tinge of triumph, caused both young men to turn hastily and glance in the direction where they had left their enemies.

The survivors of the party were hastening towards the river, which on their extreme left took an abrupt turn sweeping inland, flowing but a short distance from the discomfitted Chinamen, who were frantically waving their hands at the same time shouting as if mad.

Pulling leisurely down the river was a long narrow boat, filled with armed braves. The oars, long and heavy, were each manned by two men, who ceased pulling as the shouts of the shore party reached their ears.

"Forward, for your life, Jack; we have not a moment to lose. This is more than I expected or dreamed of. They will run us hard, in revenge for the drubbing we have given their friends, and no mercy will be shown us if ever they overtake the dingy."

The river party were soon made to understand the true state of affairs. With a yell of vengeance the men resumed the oars, which bristled on either side like the innumerable legs of a centipede. The foam boiled and bubbled about the bows of the boat as she was urged along, while many an article of superfluous weight was tossed overboard into the yellow, muddy waters of the stream.

Leaping from the ponies, Lemar and Jack left them to gallop wherever their inclinations might lead them, and while the paymaster hurriedly severed the painter that held the dingy, his companion stepped the mast and loosed the square fore and aft sails. Shoving off from the bank the boat caught the full force of the current; the wind drew down the river with increasing strength, the canvas bellied out 'neath its influence, and hauling the sheet aft Lemar motioned to Jack to sit in the centre of the boat amidships.

"Load up the guns, Jack; you will have to attend to the shore party if they molest us. We shall soon be clear of them, but those other fellows are coming like the very devil."

The guns were again made ready for use. The horsemen galloped along the bank, keeping abreast of the boat, but beyond range of the duck shot. They contented themselves by firing their gingals, leaving it to their friends in the boat to annihilate the foreign devils.

The fleet boat astern, urged on by the united strength of thirty men, was rapidly gaining upon the little dingy, which was acquitting itself nobly. The two friends gazed silently into each other's eyes as the savage yells of their pursuers became more and more distinct. They had yet a considerable distance to traverse, with no hope for aid beyond their own efforts. Fortune had favored them so far, not a scratch having been received in the short but desperate melee with the mounted force.

Lemar grasped the tiller, never once turning his head. His eyes were actively employed watching the wind, the swelling sail and the tortuous channel. Showers of spray, with an occasional sea, flew over the boat as she rushed through the water dipping her gunwale, wet with the whirling, eddying foam. At times Jack was forced to lay the guns aside to bail the boat, and the sharp-eyed Chinamen, ever ready to seize the slightest advantage in their favor, would rush down the banks, deliver their fire at short range, and then beat a hasty retreat before the enraged paymaster could return the compliment.

"Shoot, you cowardly rascals!" he muttered; "I'll make you sing another song if once you come within range." But they were not disposed to risk their lives unnecessarily.

The sails of the dingy were already perforated with holes, the effect of the incessant fire kept up from the gingals, but fortunately the mast and sprit had not been injured by the flying bullets. A stream of blood trickling slowly from Lemar's hand caught Jack's eye, but the lieutenant declared it was nothing, although at the same time he experienced considerable pain through his left shoulder, which was rapidly stiffening.

"How far off are they now, Jack?" inquired the lieutenant, in a low voice. He could not turn his head for a moment from the bow of the boat. The river was white with foam, and rifts of spray were dashing high over the sunken rocks.

"They are just within musket range of us; and, by Heaven, they are about to fire!"

The report of the firearms was lost in a rattling peal of thunder, following close upon a vivid flash of lightning. A squall of wind and rain swept over the low, marshy country, while a thin, misty haze rolled along the surface of the river.

The channel now took an abrupt turn to the right, rushing furiously around the base of an immense rock which reared its huge sides from the bed of the stream. Between it and the shore, to the left, was a narrow passage, half obscured by the flying foam and white spray. The waters, lashed to fury, roared and mingled with the rattle of the thunder, as wave upon wave dashed through the contracted passage.

Lemar had let fly the sheet at the first puff of the squall, and with canvas streaming, torn and tattered before the gale the dingy was flying along under bare poles, heading straight for the hissing, foaming waters that were surging through the contracted channel.

Lemar had calculated the chances with the cool and practised eye of a seaman. If the boat could be forced inside the rock they would baffle the Chinaman and be safe under the guns of the allied camp, now looming through the mist and spray. If the main channel was pursued the imps would be alongside of them in less than five minutes.

Jack turned pale as he noted the direction the boat was taking. Nothing but the danger behind them could have driven Lemar to undertake so rash a daring. Escape seemed impossible; but the chance, slender as it appeared to be, was far preferable to the fate which threatened them in the rear.

The gloom of the storm settled about the boat as it shot into the swell sweeping around the rock, the thunder pealed forth with deafening reverberations, while the bright glare of the lightning all but blinded the gallant sailor who clung to the tiller. His mouth was compressed, brows knitted and his dark eyes never wavered as the dingy rushed through the black foaming waters, disappearing from the astonished gaze of the discomfited Chinamen in a whirl of spray.

Jack had thrown himself along the thwarts, clinging to the mast with all his strength, while the boat, half full of water, tossed wildly about, not unlike a cork.

The narrow gap was filled with surges in the heaviest swells. The rebounding foam blinded Lemar's eyes, as the dingy rose light as a feather on the crest of a roller, and shooting wildly forward, passed in safety through the terrible channel.

The frowning guns of the entrenched camp deterred the imps from following up the chase. They had laid on their oars outside the rock, watching for the result. A howl of mingled rage and astonishment burst from their lips as they watched the dingy pushing safely out of the canopy of spray; with a simultaneous splash the long oars struck the water, and they disappeared in the direction from whence they had come.

The tall spars of the allied fleet loomed up through the murky atmosphere, swaying to and fro as the squall swept through the taut cordage. The trim top hamper of the American sloop-of-war was conspicuous, and to Lemar's eyes never looked handsomer as faint and exhausted he guided the dingy alongside.

The surgeon extracted the Chinese bullet, which Lemar preserved as a memento; the wound healed rapidly, but despite monotony and the dull routine of duty off the Taku forts, neither the paymaster nor Royal Lemar could ever be induced to participate in another gunning expedition.

SPANISH PROVERBS.—Love, a horse, and money, carry a man through the world. Three things kill a man: a hot sun, supper and trouble. To shave an ass is a waste of lather. If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over. The mother-in-law forgets that she was once a daughter-in-law. Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling it a cup of water.

## OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

### ENIGMAS.

1.

When twilight comes, and Nature's gloom
Invades your cosy sitting-room,
If you be there, and fancy free,
You soon will turn your thoughts to me.

At eve, when you go through the town,
The rain in torrents pouring down,
I clothe the pavement and the gutter,
So that vain words you need not mutter.

When night hath cast her shade o'er all,
And ghosts patrol each haunted hall,
And night birds flit from distant caverns,
I reign supreme in drinking-taverns.

Where'er fashion, youth and beauty
Perform their nocturnal duty
Of talking, flirting, dancing round,
Among them all I may be found.

I'm highly-prized by every nation,
Within the pale of civilization:
I am a beau with often a new flame;
Now pray, gentle guesser, what is my name?

2.

Some people say I'm but an arm,
Though 'tis well known I've got a head;
I also have a great, big mouth
And body, but I've got no leg;
And yet, although a mouth I've got,
I never speak—so it is said;
As I have not got any teeth,
Therefore with soft food I am fed.
Sometimes I'm overfed, and then
Waste-places to bring forth are made;
But 'tis not always so, for then
Destruction far and wide I spread.
I'm very strong, and burthens are
By many people on me laid:
But when I'm vexed, men and their loads,
By me are mingled with the dead.
Sometimes I have many mouths;
Sometimes I've more than one head.
I am ever on the move,
Though I'm always in my bed.
Though many waiters I employ,
I never saw a waiting-maid.
If you will wait till I pass by,
You will wait long, I am afraid.
I'm neither built by man or beast;
My bed makes me, I make my bed,
And surely now you will me name,
For of me sure you've heard or read.

### CHARADES.

1. My first is a number; my second is part of the human body, and my whole is a flower.

2. My first is found in the earth; my second is a sort of mountain, and my whole is a great poet.

3. My first is part of a pine tree; my second is used in warfare; my third is what we all must do; my whole is a sort of liquor.

4. My first is what boys like to play with; my second is necessary to a knot; my third is what all want who are not satisfied; my whole is my native city.

5. My first is what you order a waiter to do to your empty goblet; my second is a part of speech; my third is a small valley; my fourth signifies contempt, and my whole is a large metropolis.

LITTLE ONE.

6.

Is there among the fairest of earth's treasures,
So sweet, so fair a sight,
As my pure first, pursuing my pure pleasures,
With joyous heart and light?

Is there among us one oppressed with sorrow,
That does not humbly bless
That Providence that, with my next, the morrow
Hideth from his distress?

Is there among us one, subdued, retreating,
From the world's conflict vain,
Who would not barter all its prospects fleeting,
To know my whole again.

### WORDS SQUARE.

1.

1. A name for a small community;
2. This, I hope you'll never be;
3. A famous garden in olden days,
4. A verb that's used in various ways.

FORT TOTTEN.

2.

1. A division of time;
2. In Europe a river;
3. Of a far-away clime;
4. With this you won't shiver.

GAHMER.

### HIDDEN TREES.

1. Emma, please give me a peach.
2. I was watching Daniel making a box.
3. This is the final Monday of the month.
4. Did Nancy press my apron for me?
5. Mary has penned her letter.
6. Mashed potatoes are a very good dish.

GAHMER.

### CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why are the fond glances a mother casts upon her baby like Turkish cavalry?

2. What is the difference between an overcoat and a baby?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 13.]

**Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 7, Vol. 54.**

ENIGMA.—Take the Saturday Evening Post and pay for it.

RIDDLE.—Respectfully declined.

DOUBLE REBUS.—Rhode Island. In God we Hope.

DIAMOND PUZZLES:

1.
H
D O N
H O N E Y
D E N
Y

2.
R
P I N
R I V E R
N E W
R

CHARADE.—Mat-ri-mony.

CONUNDRUM.—Because the younger they are, the sweeter they are!

## FACETIÆ

WHY is a man who is sent to a lunatic asylum like a cocoanut? Because he is generally cracked.

WHY is an oyster the greatest paradox in nature? Because it has a beard without a chin, and is pulled out of bed to be tucked in.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

JULIA (reads)—

"'A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name!
Dost thou like the picture?"

Isn't it beautiful, Augustus?"

AUGUSTUS (capital clerk, but no poet.)—"Oh, uncommonly! But, my dear girl, you know we shall never be able to do that sort of thing on our thousand dollars a year!"

LOST, strayed or stolen. An individual whom I, in an urgent moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good looking and feeble individual, not knowing enough to come in when it rains unless some good looking girl offers him the shelter of her umbrella. Answers to the name of Jim. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking with his arm around her waist, looking more like a fool, if possible, than ever. Anybody who will catch the poor fellow and bring him carefully back, so that I can chastise him for running away, will be invited to stay to tea by KATE E. SMITH.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.—A gentleman, whose modesty was too great for his happiness, was one day going through a wood with a lady, to whom he longed but feared to offer his hand and his heart. He had schemed and manœuvred enough for ten diplomatists to draw her away alone from the pic-nic where they had met, and now he durst not speak out for the life of him. But the silence had become embarrassing, and at last he ventured upon a hint. "Hark!" he cried, suddenly stopping. "Do you not hear that beautiful bird singing?"

"Yes," replied the lady.

"Do you catch what it says?"

"No. I cannot say that I do."

"Why, it says, 'I love you! I love you! I love you!' as plainly as possible."

"Dear me, how odd!" replied she; and they walked on again in silence for a little distance. Presently the lady, in her turn, stopped and said: "How funny! Do you hear what that other bird says?"

"No; what?" asked the man.

"Why, it seems to me to say, 'Show it! show it! show it!'"

That was sufficient.

WHAT SHE SAID.

"Oh, I recall her tone," said Tom,
"As sweet as any forest bird's;
The thrush she might have learned it from,
And after fashioned it to words."
"How blest a man," cried Ned, "are you!
Such charms the coldest heart would woo;
Last eve I watched you from afar—
You sought her door—I envied you."
"Indeed," said Tom, "I fancied not
You watched my step—'twas after dark:
But she—oh, ne'er shall be forgot
Her simple and her sole remark!"
"What did she say?" cried ardent Ned.
"Ah," Tom replied, with twinge of pain,
"'Twixt you and me, she—well, she said,
'Thomas, you need not come again!'"

MISTOOK THE ARTICLE.—A young lady stepped into one of the street cars the other day, and dropped her handkerchief upon a vacant seat, as much as to say, "taken," while she advanced to the other end of the car to deposit her fare. Meantime a nicely dressed young man jumped in and sat down on the handkerchief without observing it. The young lady, after paying her fare, turned back, discovered to her chagrin her seat was occupied, and sat down opposite, ladies making room for her. But she did not desire to lose her handkerchief, so she looked intently toward the place where she had left it, hesitating whether to ask for it or not. Discovering the direction of her looks, all eyes on the opposite side of the car were soon bent on the young man. Finding himself the object of so much attention, he himself looked and discovered to his horror something white on which he sat, the end peeping out. He mistook its character. To cover it with his hand, and to tuck it nicely away, was the work of a few moments. None in the car but the young lady knew that the "something white" was a handkerchief, and hesitating still more to ask him, she lost it.

"I BEGIN to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Arcourt, to me; "but your verbs trouble me still, you mix them up so with your prepositions."

"I am sorry you find them so troublesome," was all I could say.

"I saw our friend, Mrs. James, just now," he continued. "She says that she intends to break down housekeeping. Am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember; break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is so broken into."

"Broken down, you should say."

"Broken down—oh, yes. And, indeed, since the small-pox has broken up in our city——"

"Broken out——"

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"She is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; that's what I mean to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No. The engagement is broken—broken——"

"Broken off."

"Yes; broken off."

"Ah! I had not heard that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am so anxious to get the English well."

"He merely broke the news. No preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. The young man, her son, is a fine fellow. A breaker, I think."

"A broker, and a very fine fellow. Good day.

So much for the verb "to break."

## LOVE.

BY FREDERICK W. MILLS.

There is an unknown moment, when a sweet
And generous friendship, ripens into love:
When twin souls meet

With one accord, and soar the earth above—
Almost to heaven—where that love is blessed.
And fond hearts move

In unison. What gentle peace! What rest
From life's affairs! What happiness supreme
Reigns in each breast.

But should there be a waking from the dream,
What bitterness in life's forgotten leaven,
For in the gleam

Of happiness, all thought of earth was driven,
And worldly duties, taught in worldly schools,
Are not of heaven!

Alas! life's threads will wind on separate spools,
And even love must quickly pass away,
For Mammon rules.

Yet, when the Lord of all resumes his sway,
And weary souls find everlasting rest,
Love will indeed be blessed.

## LIGHT AT LAST.

BY S. A. F.

Paul Winship and Mary Archer sat in the small, comfortable sitting-room of an humble cottage not far from the great city.

It was late in the evening of a spring day, and they had not long been in from a stroll in the bye-ways by the glimmer of a quartering moon.

Paul had seen only a week beyond one-and-twenty. And Mary was one year younger. And they were both of that mould and that temperament which Nature bestows upon those who are to be made thereby capable of great enjoyment.

These two had been schoolmates and companions for years. They had loved each other while yet children, and their love had gone on, growing stronger from day to day.

Paul's father and mother had both died while he was yet a boy, and he had been left with only the love of Mary Archer to give bright sunshine to his life.

Mary had lost her father, and now labored with a hearty and healthful cheerfulness to assist her mother in gaining a livelihood. And she labored the harder because a poor crippled brother depended upon her for a support.

Paul Winship had resolved that he would go to sea. An uncle was captain of a large ship bound for China, and had offered him a good position, with promise of promotion. He thought he could do better so, than to delve at a trade which could never yield more than a bare support. And on the morrow the ship was to sail, and this was to be their last evening together for a long, long time.

Mary had worked into a fanciful braid a slender tress of her glossy dark brown hair, and while they talked she fixed it into a small golden locket, and shut down upon it a glass cover.

"There, Paul," she said, when the work was done, "there is the lock of my hair, as you wished. It is a poor thing, but you will think of me when you look upon it."

Paul took the locket, and pressed it to his lips. "I shall look upon it often, darling, and think, while I look, of the dearest treasure for me this earth can hold."

"Oh, Paul!"

"Darling, don't weep. But a few short months, and we will be happier than ever. I know I shall prosper. We shall suffer this separation as the seed is hidden in the ground. It is to be the germ of better things to come, dearest."

"I shall try and think so, Paul. I will think so."

Paul found a piece of blue ribbon in Mary's work-basket, with which he suspended the locket about his neck, and when he had placed it once more to his lips, with a murmured blessing, he hid it away in his bosom.

And by-and-bye they stood at the door, locked in the parting embrace.

* * * * *

Until long past midnight Mary sat by the window, and gazed out upon the stars. Her heart was too heavy and sad. But Mary Archer was young, healthful and strong, and ere long she brought reason to the aid of hope, and was content to look and pray for the good to come.

At the end of three months a letter came to her from the sea, brought by a homeward-bound ship, which Paul had met on the trackless deep. It was a letter full of love and hope and promise.

The weeks and the months passed on, and another letter came. It was written from Canton, and Paul was well and in glorious spirits. They were going to some of the Pacific islands for spices.

And then the months dragged on heavier and more heavy.

Two years had gone since Paul had written. Oh, how dark and drear. Mary remembered the shadows and the forebodings of that first sleepless night. Two years without a word, and then came a word that stunned her. She found it in a newspaper.

The ship "Fides," which had sailed from Canton for Borneo, had not been heard from, and fears were entertained that she had been lost in a typhoon, which swept over the Chinese sea with terrific force shortly after she sailed.

Weeks, months, years, and no more from Paul. That the ship had been lost was now known. And could any of her crew have been saved? Old sailors, to whom the question was put, shook their heads sadly.

When the news of the loss became known, men who had thus far held aloof came to smile upon Mary Archer, and to seek her smile in return.

She was known to be as good and true as she was beautiful, and men of sense knew that she would do her part towards making an earthly heaven of the home over which fortune might lead her to preside.

Among them was John Lettrell, a man older than Mary, and a man of wealth. He offered her a home, and asked her to become his wife. But she had no heart to give him.

The months and years rolled on, and it was known that the ship "Fides" had been long at the bottom of the sea, and not a word had been heard from any of her crew. That they had all been lost was beyond a doubt.

In time Mary's mother fell sick and died, and Mary was left alone with her crippled brother.

She kept the little cottage, but it was not all her own. There was a mortgage upon it, and upon Mary the mortgage lay heavily.

Percy, the cripple, could eat, but he could do no work. He was a constant care, and he repaid his sister in love when he could repay her in no other way.

She found work at dressmaking, and so she labored on, praying for strength to perform her duty to the living and to the dead.

Years, years, years, with little of sunshine, with much of gloom, and with much, very much of care and labor. Years, four-and-twenty since that night when Paul went away so resolute and so hopeful. Mary Archer was now forty-four.

The freshness and the bloom were faded, but the ripeness of her womanly nature, in faith and resignation, had come with a beauty that cannot fade!

But it was growing darker without. Percy had been very sick, with need of more care and more medicine. The interest on the mortgage was two years overdue, and the man of calculating business who held it had foreclosed and sued for possession. The cottage could not be much longer her home. Of herself she thought not all, but what would become of her helpless brother?

In this strait John Lettrell came to her once more, and offered both herself and her brother a comfortable home for the rest of her days.

What could she tell him?

Only that she had no heart to give him.

And yet he pressed his suit.

He would teach he to love him in time.

And he left her weeping with the indecision that had grown from the one weak spot—duty to her brother.

He told her that he would come again, for he thought he saw his way to hope.

"Mary, dear," whispered Percy, as she bent over his couch, and smoothed his pillow, "why don't you accept the home he offers? Mr. Lettrell is a good man. Oh, my sister, not for my sake—not for mine, but for your own."

"Hush, Percy! Not now—not now. Oh, my poor heart."

And she went out to the little sitting-room, and sat by the window where she had sat long, long years ago, while the man whom she must ever love, either living or dead, walked on his way to the city to go forth upon the sea.

The grand words Paul Winship had then spoken sounded again in her ears; she saw him again, as then, put the blue ribbon about his neck, and kiss the little locket, and then hide it away in his bosom close to his true heart.

It was her gift—her hair in that locket—and if the lifeless form had sunk in the sea, the precious memorial of her love had gone down therewith.

Her hands were clasped, and her face lifted heavenward,

"No, no, no, John Lettrell, never! I will be true to him, as I know he would have been true to me."

She turned from the window, and saw by the clock in the corner that midnight was near. She was upon the point of arising, when she heard a step, a step as of a man approaching the cot.

A pause, and then the gate was opened, and presently a rap upon the door. She had no thought of fear. A stranger, probably, who wished direction on his way.

She took up the lamp and went to the door, and she saw, by the flickering light, a middle-aged man, large and strong, dressed in the garb of the sea.

"Does Mrs. Archer live here?" the man asked, in a voice scarcely audible.

"Miss Archer lives here, sir."

"It is late, I know," the man said, after a long pause, "but I have walked from the city, and as I came this way, and saw a light in the window, I ventured to stop, as I had an errand to do."

There was something to her sacred in those habiliments, and she bade him come in. He followed her into the sitting-room, but he did not sit down in the proffered seat, nor did he remove his hat. It was a chill autumnal night, and he wore his pea-jacket buttoned close up.

"You said you had an errand, sir?" Mary at length ventured.

"Yes, yes," said the man, with a start. He had been looking at her from the shadow of his hat rim. "Yes, I have an errand. It was given to me years ago. At one time—for a long time—I thought I should never bring it, but fate has been kinder than I dared to hope. You know—none should know better—that there are mortal dangers on the deep. I was wrecked, as others have been before and have been since. I was cast, alone on a raft, on an Island, where savages were for long years my only companions. I taught them many useful things, and they were kind to me. Of gold and precious stones I gathered a great store, useless there, but to me of great value, should I ever find my native land. The time came at length, after weary years, and my feet once more tread the soil of my own country. And I have come to fulfil a trust. I know who you were before I came here; they told me of your situation."

The man unbuttoned his pea-jacket and drew something out from his bosom, and slipped something from around his neck. The former was a golden locket, scarred and worn and blackened, and the latter was a soiled and frayed and knotted remnant of dingy ribbon. In the locket beneath the glass, was just discernable a braid of brown hair. He handed it to Mary.

"Do you know that?" The words were spoken huskily, and with an effort.

She caught the precious memento, and clasped it with both her hands to her bosom.

The man seemed to be growing weak. He sat down and removed his hat, and the wealth of nut-brown curls, with just a touch of silver here and there, fell over his temples and clustered upon his broad, frank and manly brow.

Mary saw and her heart leaped.

The long dark years were gone, as by the touch of a magician's wand, and the old evening of that far-gone time lifted its blessed light upon her.

"Paul!"

That cry told to the man from over the sea all he would know.

He stood again upon his feet, with his arms outstretched, and in a moment more the faithfully loved and the faithfully loving one was clasped to his bosom.

"Yes, Mary, after all these years. Oh! thank God, it is light at last. No more trial, darling, no more sorrowing. We can forget the darkness and the agony in this blessed hour of joy and reunion after many years."

WISDOM has grown so used to calling aloud without attracting attention, that the good lady would be actually embarrassed if any mortal chanced to turn his head at her first summons.

A GREAT man is one who can make his children obey him when they are out of his sight.

## HOW STATUES ARE MADE.

The bronze statuary just now so popular is manufactured by a simple enough process. Over the clay model is poured a coating of plaster-of-paris, which, having been allowed to set, is taken off in sections, thus affording a hollow mould of the figure. From such a mould is produced a stucco duplicate, either of the entire statue or of such a portion thereof as is intended to be cast at a time, and on this again is formed a second mould of greater thickness and solidity for the reception of molten metal. The material used for the final mould is a composition of stucco and brick-dust. This is applied in a plastic state to the stucco model, from which its inner surface takes the form of the figure. Were statues cast solid it would now only be necessary to separate mould from model, and run metal into the former till its interior was filled. This, however, would involve absurd waste, and in order to economize material a solid core is placed inside the mould, leaving only such space all round as will receive the thicknesses of metal deemed necessary for the work in hand. The mould with its core having been thus completed and firmly bound round with bands of iron, is placed in a kiln to bake to perfect dryness. This precaution is necessary from the circumstance that even a trace of moisture might on the application of molten metal occasion a dangerous explosion. In the case of the casting now in question the drying of the mould occupies some weeks. On the removal from the kiln the mould is buried in dry earth below the floor of the foundry, only the aperture for receiving the metal and the vent-hole for the escape of air remaining visible.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A certain English millionaire, who is not wholly unconnected with the railroad interests, and whom I will call Mr. Dovetail, has a magnificent mansion which it is his delight to embellish with all that is rarest and most costly in works of art. The place is a perfect museum of painting, sculpture, and articles of *vertu*. The other day Dovetail had a vulgar *parvenu* down on a visit, an odious little snob, with the purse of a Cræsus, and he took him over his choice selections of pictures, pointing out the special beauties and dwelling with gusto on the number of guineas they had cost him, and the little *parvenu* nodded and grinned, and said "Ah" and "Yes" now and then, as if he understood it all. But he was fortunately not obliged to commit himself to any definite opinion which should display his ignorance. At last they came to the sculpture gallery. Stopping opposite a fine copy of the "Greek Slave," Dovetail said, "There, that's an old friend. Of course you know that." Our little snob put up his eye-glass, looked puzzled for a moment or two, as he gazed with the critical eye of a connoisseur at the undraped figure; then a flood of light suddenly burst upon him, and with a curious smile he turned to Dovetail and said, "Oh, ah, yes, of course, Mrs. Dovetail!" I draw a veil over the rest; poor Dovetail's feelings are too sacred to be held up to public view.

STRENGTH OF MATERIAL.—It is a most remarkable fact that the most abundant material in nature, iron, is the strongest of all known substances. Made into the best steel a rod one-fourth of an inch in diameter will sustain 9,000 pounds before breaking; soft steel, 7,000 pounds; iron wire, 6,000; iron, 4,000; inferior bar iron, 2,000; cast iron, 1,000 to 3,000; copper wire, 3,000; silver, 2,000; gold, 2,500; tin, 300; cast zinc, 160; cast lead, 50; milled lead, 200. Of wood, box and locust the same size will hold 1,200 pounds; toughest ash, 1,000; elm, 800; beech, cedar, white oak, pitch pine, 600; chestnut and maple, 650; poplar, 400. Wood which will bear a heavy weight for a minute or two will break with two-thirds the force acting a long time. A rod of iron is about ten times as strong as hemp cord. A rope an inch in diameter will bear about two and a half tons, but in practice it is not safe to subject it to a strain of more than about one ton. Half an inch in diameter the strength will be one-quarter as much; a quarter of an inch one-sixteenth as much, and so on.

MANY a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles better than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy in every function are better than houses or land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right hand of father or mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check bad tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a greater thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful and hopeful.

OVER-SENSITIVENESS.—A great deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether anything you can do will have much connection with what they will say. And, besides, it may be doubted whether they will say anything at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre with the assembled world as spectators; whereas, all the while they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

THE GOOD IN HUMAN NATURE.—There is so much that is good in human nature which only requires to be excited into action, like the latent light and heat in a mass of coral, that unselfish love never entirely loses its reward, even where it is not looked for; while if all would cherish the same feelings, every individual would be happier, every family and every social circle would exist in the light of a more genial atmosphere, and the whole breath of society would be sweetened.

THE old man brings together the great events of to-day and those of his young boyhood. He shuts up eighty years into each other like the joints of a pocket-telescope.

## RECEIPTS
### GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

CREAM OF TARTAR rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves cleanses them well.

A MIXTURE of oil and ink is a good thing to clean kid boots with; the first softens and the last blackens them.

A USEFUL FACT.—In peeling onions put a large needle in the mouth, half in and half out. The needle attracts the oily juice of the bulb, and any number may be peeled without affecting the eyes.

KEEPING CIDER SWEET.—A pint of mustard seed, put in a barrel of cider, will preserve it sweet for several months. We have drank fall cider in the month of May, which was kept sweet by this means.

TO CURE THE SICK HEADACHE.—Two teaspoonsful of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach.

THE leaves of geranium are an excellent application for cuts, when the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

ALL sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder, after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and potash.

CLEANING SADDLES, ETC.—The following is a good recipe which will give saddles and bridles a good polish, and be entirely free from all stickiness: The whites of three eggs evaporated till the substance left resembles the common gum, dissolved in a pint of gin, and put into a common wine-bottle, and filled up with water.

TO CLEAN A GUN-BARREL.—Wrap clean tow round the cleaning-rod. Take a bucket of warm water (soapsuds, if procurable), and run the rod up and down the barrel briskly, till the water is quite black; change the water till it runs quite clear through the nipple; pour boiling hot water (clean) down the barrel, and rub dry with fresh clean tow. Run a little sweet oil or tow down the barrel, if for use. If to put away, use strong mercurial ointment.

IF sweet cider is desired, it should be bottled as soon as it has become clear after the first fermentation. A raisin and a small lump of loaf sugar should be put in each bottle, and the bottles should be stored in a bin in a dark, cool cellar, with sawdust between each layer of bottles. The front of the bin should be open, and it should have shelves about three feet apart to hold the bottles, upon which the bottles are to be packed horizontally.

LAP-BOARD.—Let it be of bass or pine wood, dressed down to about one-half inch in thickness, with strips nailed on each end to keep it from warping. The whole should be sandpapered, oiled and rubbed to make it smooth. Let it be thirty-six inches long and eighteen inches wide; cut from one side a semi-circle, which will give ten inches each side of the semi-circle, and should leave the board in the narrowest part twelve inches in width. The outer edge should have the half, quarter, and eighth of a yard marked by driving either silver or brass-headed tacks into the edge. Both front and back edges should be half round.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—1. Look at its *color;* if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, the flour is not good. 2. Examine its *adhesiveness;* wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic, it is good; if it is soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. 3. Throw a little lump of the dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given it by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests, it is safe to buy.


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## The Boudoir

FASHION NOTES & QUERIES

(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.)

Very amusing accounts have reached us, through a late Paris letter, of the continued struggle for supremacy between the various dress artists concerning the leading style—whether it shall be "sweet simplicity" or elaborate ornamentation. The result arrived at will, we think, be a democratic form of government in Fashion's realms, hitherto so autocratic in her mandates. The taste of the individual will be brought into exercise, and first providing as a foundation principle that crinoline be abandoned, or let it be so contracted in dimensions that its presence is scarcely perceptible, and in other matters one can wear anything one fancies and not be unfashionable. To our own taste, simplicity would always commend itself as being, generally, most elegant; and yet even here one must be discriminating, for there are some who need the assistance of ornament to improve their appearance.

There is a great fancy for combining colors in costumes; sometimes apparently incongruous ones are so blended—that is, the variation of shade is so studied by artistic colorists—that very wonderful results are achieved. Let not the uninitiated attempt such combinations, however, or they might shrink in horror from their own handiwork when completed; or if able to bear complacently the sight themselves, let them think of their more sensitive friends.

Apropos of suits, we have seen a very new style for house wear which has not only the merit of being graceful, but also of being easily imitated. The underdress was of faille silk, cut long and in what is known as the Princesse—a modification of the Gabrielle—style, trimmed simply with ruches, eight inches wide, and bound on each side. They were set on in plaits, not gathered. The sleeves of this robe were full, gathered into the armholes and then caught in regular puffs by smaller ruches until just below the elbow, where they fell in a deep ruffle over the waist. The overdress of this costume was peculiar, yet charming in effect. It was of diagonal serge, all wool and coarse in texture. It was sleeveless and tight-fitting in front, opening over the corsage in heart shape. The back was laid at the neck in four large plaits, and then fell loose at each side; just under the arms was placed a sash ribbon about eight inches wide; these were loosely knotted half way down the back and the ends fringed out. The bottom of the skirt of this over-garment was edged with a narrow line of embroidery, which also continued up each side of the front breadth, and below this line was a ball fringe of worsted to match the garment.

A pretty fashion for making silk suits is to have the front trimmed with two flounces, laid in fine pleats, while the back and sides have five, alternately gathered and plaited; overskirt-pointed apron, long in front; basque, cuirass-shape and simply piped at the edge.

The silk striped gauze so popular for overdresses will be continued for wear late in the autumn, especially for house dresses.

Evening and dinner toilettes of white striped muslin, worn over black or mode-colored silk underskirts, will be very fashionable. These toilettes are brightened with colored sashes and bows.

Cloaks are to be brought into vogue again—real, long, comfortable cloaks, of many seasons gone by; some even reach to the knees. The two models which we have seen were both cut sacque shape, buttoned down in front. One had a hooded cape behind, lined with gros grain; above this a standing collar, also lined. The other had a deep cape in front, cut pointed; this fell over the hands. Neither of these garments had sleeves. One was made of the heavest cashmere, and was fur-bordered. The other was of black matelasse silk, which our readers know is the new quilted fabric now imported for underskirts and overwraps. The cloaks fitted slightly into the figure at the back.

There are also to be seen among the models for wraps many of cashmere and drap-d'ete, long, and heavily wrought in jet, blue or black, combined with embroidery. The blue jet will be considered more stylish than black, because newer. Black is given the preference now for cloaks, etc.; not the blue black of last season, but a deep jet black.

The English walking jacket is entirely out of vogue. All garments are cut high at the throat, and often a standing ruff of yak or guipure lace finishes the cloak or sacque.

Felt hats will be much worn this season. Some have tall, tapering crowns, others low, square ones. All have wide brims, and are not finished as formerly with a wire to keep them in place, nor are many bound. The felt rim is simply cut around, and the edge is left just so. It is considered stylish to loop the brim directly in front, fastening with a gay wing or tuft of feathers, or else a small cluster of roses. It is too *prononce* a style to be safely adopted by many, and needs a youthful, pretty face beneath to carry it off well.

There are some attractive novelties in the form of the little outer pockets, pendant to the chatelaines, which latter, by the way, seems to have taken a new lease of popularity. These pockets are sometimes covered with plates or scales of tortoise shell, or else oxydized silver, or nickel, just of whatever the belt buckle and chains, or even the belt itself may be composed.

Wooden buttons, with eyes, instead of shanks will be much used, and certainly are very sensible.

A pretty fancy for ribbon belts is to have a cluster of ribbon loops at the left side, and at the right a long ribbon which passes under the overskirt and fastens in the loop at the left, thus draping prettily the garment.

Birds for the hats and bonnets, are of all sizes, from the tiny "jeweled" humming-bird of the tropics, to the plump gulls and Virginia red birds. NIXON.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMILY R.—Yes, a large pearl set in blue enamel would be a very suitable engagement ring. The wedding ring must be plain gold, wide or narrow, just as your fancy may dictate. Have your blue silk made after description of silk suits given in this issue or the one before.

DOLLIE DIMPLE.—Yes, there is a real fashion journal for the dollies. Cousin Annie was right. We can send you patterns if your ladyship desires. Ethel and Maud are very pretty names, and we admire your taste in so naming your "twins." Hope they may always be a comfort to their small mamma.

VIVIEN.—You can truly dye your "pale-tinted" locks, but we advise you not to begin, else you must always continue to do it; and one becomes so weary of such things. Leave your hair as nature gave it you. We have heard of lead combs darkening red hair; perhaps the effect might be similar upon light. No harm to try.

### A BUNCH OF KEYS.

BY T. A. P.

There's a tender spot in every heart—
For hearts, thank God, are human—
And the keys that unlock their inner courts
Are held by man and woman;
The feeble touch of a childish hand
May a stalwart life be swaying,
And the strong heart, calloused to all beside,
The weakest of wills obeying.

The simplest prayer that was ever lisped
By a child with its mother kneeling,
When the shadows gather at eventide,
Its way to the soul is feeling;
'Twill cleave a path through the sin without
To the good that within is sleeping,
Where the heart, 'neath the burden of years of crime,
Some remnant of heaven is keeping.

There are fingers so fragile as barely to keep
Life's brittle thread from breaking;
Yet in hearts which they open and hold at will
The fairest of Edens are making.
If on souls that we move by our lightest touch,
We were more of love bestowing,
Roses would bloom to bless our lives
Where thistles and briers are growing.

The lowest hearts hold other hearts;
To all are some keys belonging,
And the spirit waits for the keeper's touch
With anxious and tender longing;
A smile, a word, a kindly act,
A prayer, though in weakness given,
Will help to fashion our ways below,
And open the gates to Heaven.

## THE LAST BULLET.

### A STORY OF THE BLACK HILLS.

BY C. D. CLARK.

Ben Stanley was alone in the Black Hills, that paradise of the North, which the legions of Custer are opening to the world even while I write: a land of beauty, the fairest on all the earth.

What had sent the wandering man, alone, into the defiles of this strange land?

That which has moved the world for ages, since the world was. Gold! That yellow dross which men deem so precious and which has been the basis of all value through long generations. It is strange indeed that it should be found only amid desolation, in the haunts of savage men, too savage, indeed, to know its value. Ben Stanley, alone, unaided, had determined to penetrate the Black Hills and ascertain for himself whether the tales he had heard of the riches of this region were indeed true.

He traveled only at night, guiding himself by the compass. When daylight began to show he sought some desolate ravine or tangled fern cover along the streams and lay there until darkness came on. No, not darkness, for the nights at this season of the year were wonderfully clear and bright, and he tramped on for hours before the moon went down. Then, satisfied that no wandering bands would be abroad at this time, he would tramp across the prairie boldly until the light began to show, when he would again seek a cover and hide through the long summer day. If he had dared to make the journey on horseback he could have reached the hills long before, but horses' feet leave a plain trail on the prairie, which the keen-scented Sioux can follow on a run.

For three long weeks he tramped on, subsisting entirely upon his sack of pemmican, with which he had provided himself before starting out upon his journey. He would not build a fire, for he had promised himself to incur no needless risks, and the Indian can almost be said to *smell* a smoke miles away upon the prairie. All the riches he possessed were his pan, the blade of a spade, an iron pick without a handle, his rifle and ammunition. He had an object in daring this adventure which was worthy of success and which did honor to his head and heart. In the Helena mines he had a partner, who gave up at last, worn down by disease, and left Ben, as a priceless legacy, a little girl, ten years old, whom the old miner promised to care for as his own. In the Helena mines, just after his partner died, he "struck a pocket," and in ten hours panned out three thousand dollars. It was a rich find for him, a man who had been working claims which barely gave him enough for his support for over two years, and that night, sitting in his cabin, with little Rachel Dent opposite, he studied out a plan.

The next day he went to Helena, taking Rachel with him. He deposited nearly the entire sum which he had dug out of the pocket in the name of the child, reserving for himself only enough to buy an outfit. Then he found a worthy, but poor family, who agreed, for the interest of the money, to keep and clothe the girl and give her such an education as may be obtained in a mining town. This done he set out alone to penetrate that mysterious region known as the Black Hills, and here we see him tramping along in the darkness, bent upon striking it rich for the sake of Rachel Dent.

"A little child," he muttered, in the tender way in which those rough but great-hearted Western men speak of innocent childhood. "Who wouldn't take a risk for the sake of a little girl like that, with purty, innocent ways, that go to a man's heart. 'Spose I drop; what then? I've left her a gardeen, and dust enough to keep her, if she uses it careful. And if I do strike the color strong, and take out enough to make a sure thing, I'll go back, buy a rancho in the San Joaquin region below San Francisco, and live a quiet life for her sake."

It was with a sigh of relief, just as the light began to show over the eastern roll of the prairies, that this adventurous man plunged into one of the dark passes of the hills. He had reached the ground, and whether he succeeded or failed he had done what few men had done before or since. That day he made a nest upon the summit of one of the lofty hills, among the granite and quartz croppings, and from which he could see this strange range stretching away in the distance, peak upon peak. At his feet lay a lovely valley, green in its summer verdure, with a sparkling stream bubbling across it, while a smaller creek ran out of a mountain gorge on his right and joined the main stream below. It was upon this stream he fixed his eye, and something told him that if he could follow that creek up the mountains he could find what he sought. But would he dare to cross the open valley in daylight? He knew that the Indians claimed this as their particular property, and that a lone white man's life was of little value to him if they found him on their hunting grounds. His mind was made up at last; whether he lived or died, he would make the attempt.

Ben Stanley was not the man to hesitate when his decision had been made. His rifle was loaded, his revolver in its case at his side and his traps slung upon his back, as he swung rapidly down the hillside until he reached the level below, when he struck into the long Indian lope which comes so natural to the mountain man and which carries him along much faster than any one would suppose. It was five miles across the valley, as the crow flies, and he knew how long it would take him to cross. His eyes as he ran were fixed upon the two passes which *debouched* into the valley on his right in the direction of the Sioux reservation. He had crossed half the distance when lance heads gleamed in the sun, and six Indians, mounted upon their fleet mustangs, rode into the valley. Six to one is long odds, and yet the bold heart of the miner did not quail. He did not turn back or pause in his rapid course, for he knew that it was as probable that he would find a good cover here as by returning. At first the Indians did not see him, and he dashed on to gain all he could, when he heard the peculiar yell with which the Sioux greets the approach of an enemy, and saw one of the savages bending forward, stretching out a long brown arm toward him, and with wild yells the whole band darted at him.

He ran as he had never run before, hearing the savage yells ringing in his ears and the dull beating of hoofs upon the prairie grass. Looking over his shoulder he saw the foremost savage within twenty yards, his long lance in his hand and a malicious grin upon his paint-bedaubed face. In his life in the mines this man had learned to use a revolver well, and whirling suddenly he took a snap shot at the Indian, who came to the ground with a dull thud.

"One!" said Ben, as he continued his flight. "Thar is going to be the worst bear fight you ever heard of."

Another savage dashed up, far in advance of his companions, and poised his lance, laughing when Ben threatened him with what seemed to be an empty pistol, for the Indians did not yet understand the terrible nature of the revolver. Crack!

A second savage received the fatal bullet, directed by the hand which never erred, and dropped from the saddle, while his horse careered riderless through the valley. Now the savages were certain that the weapon was empty, for they had never seen a firearm which could be fired more than twice without loading. They dashed up incautiously, hooting as he threatened them with what seemed to be a useless weapon. The chief of the party, with a gutteral cry of triumph, lifted his lance to pin Ben Stanley to the earth, when the "navy" again emitted its puff of white smoke, and the chief, shot through the heart, fell forward upon his horse's mane. To tear him from the saddle and leap into his place, was the work of a moment, and the other savages recoiled before the weapon which was always loaded, no matter how many times it was fired.

"Ha!" cried the prospecter. "Every man must die, or I am lost."

His fourth bullet left the barrel before he was fairly settled in the saddle, and his enemies were reduced to two. Up to this time the Sioux had retained the appearance of bravery, but now, with wild cries of terror, they turned their ponies, and rode for their lives. Behind them, urging on his horse with a bloody knife, came the white man. He knew well that if a single warrior got back to the Sioux reservation there was no hope for him; and he rode hard to cut them off from the passes by which they had entered the valley, and it was with a thrill of joy that he urged the fleet pony between them and the nearest pass.

The Indians knew the ground well. He had cut them off from the passes, but there was another chance for at least one of them to escape; and the heads of the ponies were turned back over the ground they had just left, evidently heading for the place where the smaller stream bubbled down to join the main river. Ben knew that if they had not a fair chance of escape they would have turned upon death like dying panthers, and have fallen like grim warriors, as they were. He urged his pony to his utmost speed, and as the headmost Indian plunged into the canon, made by the stream, the fifth shot sped, and the first Sioux was alone. Into the pass went the miner at furious speed, the water dashing high about his form as he rode. Three hundred yards ahead, up to his knees in water, stood the Indian pony, but his owner was nowhere to be seen. He had not gone up the pass, for the course of the stream was nearly straight for a quarter of a mile, and time had not been given for him to pass over that distance on foot. He looked to the right hand, and saw a perpendicular wall of rugged rocks, up which no man could have climbed, no matter how agile. He looked to the left, and there he saw the Indian, climbing from ledge to ledge, a hundred feet above him.

"Come back," cried the miner, lifting his revolver, and speaking in the Sioux tongue. "Come back, or you die."

"The 'Horned Owl' laughs at the short gun of the white man," replied the Indian, as he raised himself to the next ledge. "It can shoot many times, but it cannot reach me here."

"Come back, and I will save your life," shouted Ben. "I will make you a prisoner, and keep you until I leave the country, and then you shall go free."

"The white man can wait until I bring the Sioux tribe to look upon his death," was the scornful answer. He laid both hands upon the rocks above, and a single spring would place him in safety.

Ben Stanley raised his revolver, and sighted at the back of his enemy, taking more pains than ever in his life.

The Indian doubled himself for his spring, when the revolver cracked. For a moment the miner gave up hope, for the Indian still clung to the rocks. A moment more and he gave a convulsive spring, and came rolling down from ledge to ledge until he landed at the feet of his slayer. The last bullet had done its work well, and the Indian was dead. Ben filled the chambers of his faithful weapon, and rode back to the valley, where he collected the bodies of his enemies, and hurled them into a deep gully, where the sun never shone, and no one could find them. The horses were gone, with the exception of the two which he had taken, and these he concealed in the depths of the silent woods which lined the stream issuing from the main valley. Then slinging his pan he marched away up the stream, on the search for gold.

Time will show why it was that Ben Stanley had such luck in the Black Hills. There is a fund of riches in this region which only the enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon race can bring to light, and that time is coming fast. Two weeks later, a man worn by fatigue rode into the nearest fort, mounted upon an Indian pony, and leading another with a pack upon his back which seemed to be very heavy. It was, indeed; for in that pack was a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in nuggets, which he had taken from a single pocket in the depths of the Black Hills. Ben returned to Helena, and shortly after left with his little ward for the rich San Joaquin region, where he now lives, one of the most wealthy rancheros for miles around. And even to this day he delights in telling how much depended on that last bullet in the pass of the Black Hills.

## A THUNDERSTORM IN INDIA.

BY QUI HI.

In the evening, after the going down of the sun, a terrible thunderstorm raged over the district through which I was traveling. A thunderstorm in America can give no idea of the lurid grandeur and fearful turmoil of the elements which are the characteristic of a thunderstorm here. The sun had set from out a cloudless sky, but as the twilight fell there grew up gradually a sulphurous bank in the northeast. At first there was no thunder, but from out this dark bank there perpetually flashed and streamed great glares of lurid light, which illuminated the whole face of the country. Then there sprang up a fierce northwest wind, which whirled across the flat in tremendous gusts, bearing dense clouds of dust and causing the forest trees to creak and sway violently. The atmosphere grew first deadly chill, and then, as the wind died away all of a sudden and was succeeded by a stillness that made one's flesh creep, the air became unsupportably hot, with a withering dry heat that had a sulphurous smell in it, as if it had come drifting out of a volcano. The sky had gradually been becoming overcast with black clouds that had a strangely luminous copper-colored facing on them; and suddenly, with one blaze of lightning all over the horizon, the deep-voiced thunder crashed out into a mighty roll right overhead. My bearers dropped the palkee on the road and bolted straight for shelter. The flashes of lightning lit up their fugitive forms as they rushed across the rice fields, whither I knew not. It was useless to pursue them—useless, indeed, to do anything at all but remain in the palkee and take what might come. For half an hour at least there continued this unremitting blaze of lightning flashes, and this continual roar of thunder overhead. The cooled night air then wafted from the fields, the groves, and the jungles sweet fresh odors of fragrant flowers and leaves. You could hear the thirsty earth sucking in the moisture through its pores, with a kind of gurgle, such as water makes poured from a bottle. All nature awoke—except my bearers. Beasts came and sniffed at the palkee, poking at its venetians with their noses in a manner not calculated to contribute to the equanimity of its occupant, who tried, unsuccessfully, to scare them away by luminating the interior with lucifer matches. I don't in the least know what the animals were, for I was not curious enough under the circumstances to open the flaps and reconnoitre; but I imagine they were leopards, which are very plentiful in the jungle of Bogra and Rungpore. At length, after about four hours' absence, my bearers returned in a highly affable and complacent mood.

## FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

In an English scientific periodical we have been reading some interesting speculations of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace of the probable antiquity of the human species. They may well startle, it says, even those who have long since come to the conclusion that 6,000 years carry us but a small way back to the original home. In fact, Dr. Wallace's 6,000 years are but as a day. He reviews the various attempts to determine the antiquity of human remains or works of art, and finds the bronze age in Europe to have been pretty accurately fixed at 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, the stone age of the Swiss lake dwellings at 5,000 to 7,000 years, "and an indefinite anterior period." The burnt brick found sixty feet deep in the fine alluvium indicates an antiquity of 20,000 years; another fragment at seventy-two feet gives 30,000 years. "A human skeleton found at the depth of sixteen feet below four hundred buried forests superposed upon each other has been calculated by Dr. Dowler to have an antiquity of 50,000 years."

But all these estimates pale before those which Kent's Cavern, at Torquay, legitimates. Here the drip of the stalagmite is the chief factor of our computations, giving us an upper floor which divides the relics of the last two or three thousand years from a deposit full of the bones of an extinct mammalia and glutton indicating an arctic climate. Names cut in the stalagmite more than two thousand years ago are legible—in other words where the stalagmite is twelve inches thick, and the drip still very copious, not more than a hundredth of a foot has been deposited in two centuries—a rate of five feet in ten thousand years. Below this, however, we have a thick, much older and crystalline, (*i. e.*, more slowly formed,) stalagmite, beneath which again, "in a solid breccia very different from the cave-earth, undoubted works of art have been found." Mr. Wallace assumes only one hundred thousand years for the upper floor, and two hundred and fifty thousand for the lower and adds one hundred and fifty thousand for the immediate cave-earth, by which he arrives at the "sum of half a million years that have probably elapsed since human workmanships were buried in the depths of Kent's Cavern."

A TYRANT cannot well bind one end of a chain around the arms or legs of a people without finding the other around his own neck.

WHEN we look down upon the earth we think of the past; when we look up to the sky we think of the future.

## Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 127 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

### TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

COLLEGIATE.—Yes; the college to which you refer is a "first class" one, undoubtedly. Your letter to the president was certainly never received. Write again, and you will obtain an answer to all your inquiries.

F. S.—We have no advice to give to any young lady who avows that "she loves two young men with equal affection, and does not know which to choose." We should pity any man who should marry a woman that loved another as well as she did her husband.

S. J. M.—We see nothing improper in your asking the young man to call again after he has made an evening visit, that is, if you feel disposed to do so. Unless you do so, the poor fellow might think, very naturally, that you do not desire his visits, and would not like to come again.

W. J. W.—If you trust to "good luck," that is, to chance, you will never get on in this world. Untiring industry, thorough honesty, rigid economy and unrelaxing perseverance are qualities which lie at the root of, and are always sure to bring about the only legitimate good luck known to mortals.

SUPPLIER.—We know nothing whatever regarding the individual you mention. Medicines, however, will not help you much, if at all. Avoid stimulants—mental or physical; eat the plainest food, and drink only water. Bathe frequently, take plenty of exercise and live in the open air as much as possible.

A. R. K.—So far as we can judge from your letter, which you request us not to publish, we think that the young man does really love you, and that there is no occasion in the world for you to worry yourself as you have been doing. Just let matters take their own course. Everything so far seems to have progressed very smoothly.

SHORTHAND LEARNER.—As to "which system of Phonography is best," it is difficult to say. The advocates of Pitman's system claim for it the superiority; others insist that Munson's is the best; and others again prefer Scoville's. Our advice to you would be to choose one of the three, and then stick to it until you thoroughly master it.

C. P. M.—If the young man has got "mad" because you politely refused him permission to "keep company with you," when he asked you, your refusal is, of course, seen at once to have been very wise and very proper. Any man who is so selfish as to get angry at such a thing, and so foolish as to show it, is not fit to associate with ladies at all.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—To become a ventriloquist requires a natural capacity to imitate sounds in certain of their modulations. The best ventriloquists, however, are said to have a peculiar formation of the organs of the throat, which enables them to produce these effects. Thus the faculty may be considered a special gift of nature, though it can, under certain conditions, be acquired by cultivation.

BROKEN HEART.—We can say nothing more than what we said before. We do not see that you are called upon either to "withdraw from all other gentlemen's society," or to "drown your hopes and disappointments in forgetfulness," or even to "settle down on the old maid list." The first thing you have got to do is to get rid of all your present romantic and over-strained ideas, and come down to plain common-sense and matter-of-fact.

M. W. R.—"Pasigraphy" is the name given to a new system of writing by numbers, which it is asserted may be used universally, and thus obviate the difficulty of communication between nations of different languages. A conference of gentlemen of various nationalities was held in England not long ago to promote the undertaking, and their report was said to be of an encouraging character; but we have heard nothing more about it lately.

JOHN OF GAUNT.—If "you love the young lady very dearly, and know she loves you as well as you love her," we cannot see why you need ask us such absurd questions, or worry yourself because she has been somewhat "sarcastic" and cool towards you. As to what she means by acting in the way you describe, we give it up. We were never smart at solving enigmas, and a young lady's heart is one which has always been too deep for us.

STUDENT.—If you are anxious to study history, we would recommend you to take up Prescott's and Motley's. It would be well to go through Willson's "Outlines of History," first of all, and have it as a book of reference when studying the two former histories. In reading, books of reference should be constantly at hand, and the ground gone over with thoroughness first, and more rapidly afterwards. One book well read and digested is of more service in developing and furnishing the mind than a dozen superficially perused.

S. E. W.—We are sorry that we must decline answering your questions, as we have made it a rule to strictly refrain from all interference with political or sectarian disputes. Were we once to break through this rule, we should be overwhelmed with letters, and would have neither space nor time for more legitimate and desirable matter. A literary family paper, like the POST, has its own good and necessary work, which work can be best promoted by confining itself to its own appropriate sphere, leaving the discussion of all such subjects as the one you speak of to papers more specially adapted for such a purpose.

MARY.—You would be acting very foolishly indeed, to allow the mere declaration of the young man that "he loved you, but that circumstances prevented his marrying you at present, and that he should never marry anybody else," have any controlling influence over your future conduct. As he does not bind himself in any way by such declarations, he may change his mind at any time and marry somebody else. You should, therefore, act just as though he had never made such declarations to you, and leave yourself as free as he was careful to keep himself.

W. M. D.—You should never attempt to get rid of the dandruff in your head by means of a fine-tooth comb. The best method of freeing the head from scurf is to wash it frequently with the following wash: One ounce of BORAX, half an ounce of camphor; powder these ingredients fine and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water. When cool, the solution is ready for use. This should be rubbed well into the roots and the hair dampened thoroughly; then dry with a towel, and brush well with a soft brush. This wash not only effectually cleanses and beautifies, but strengthens the hair and preserves its color.

SCRIPT (Arkansas).—You have no right to be visiting a young lady for over two years whom you say you "like very much, and who, you think, enjoys your company and reciprocates your feelings for her," and all the time to have had no serious intentions. You see now that by so doing you have compromised the young lady in a measure, and if you have any real liking for her, as we have a suspicion that you have, we think you would be doing what is only right and proper were you to turn your past meaningless attentions into serious ones. This is the more imperative on you if you have any good reason to believe that you have gained the young lady's affections.

OPERATOR.—The cable now being laid by the Great Eastern will make the fourth line in the possession of the Anglo-American Company. The fifth line, the new opposition cable from Ireland to Nova Scotia, is, we understand, incomplete. When both these cables are laid, there will be three lines between Ireland and Newfoundland; one between Ireland, Nova Scotia and the United States; one between France, St. Pierre and the United States; and one between Brazil and Portugal.

KATE.—We can give you no information or counsel "how to win a gentleman's affections." Wait until he shows some affection for you before you make any attempt to win his love, and remember that young ladies attract gentlemen much sooner by being retired and modest in their demeanor than by being too forward. At your age we think that you might find other occupations than receiving the attentions of gentlemen and accompanying them to places of amusement. You should strive to fill your mind with useful accomplishments, and let the ideas of society of gentlemen utterly alone for at least three years to come.

JEMIMA.—We don't see that the gentleman was to blame at all, and you have no right to complain of his having passed you in the street without bowing to you, when you say yourself that you did not give him any token of recognition. It was your place to have done this first, for it is a privilege which ladies enjoy of choosing their own acquaintances. The rule among persons who have casually met in society is that the lady on meeting a gentleman in the street must give some sign of recognition, when he may bow; otherwise he must pass on and consider himself a stranger. No gentleman likes to run the risk of being cut in the streets by a lady, through giving a premature salute.

MILDRED.—A young lady should never seek to "draw out" young men as to their sentiments towards her, which is, we are sorry to say, what you are thinking about. There is a certain indescribable delicacy and tact possessed by every proper minded and modest young lady, which will lead her aright in all such matters, if she will only follow its instructive teachings. A very safe rule to follow, and one which cannot ever lead you into harm, is never to do anything that you doubt the propriety of. The very fact of your writing to us to ask whether there would be any harm in doing what you suggested, should have told you that the act would have been an exceedingly indiscreet and improper one under the circumstances.

A YOUNG GIRL.—Your case is only one of millions like it, though you seem to think that you stand entirely alone. You know that "the course of true love never did run smooth;" and the chances are that it never will run smooth. Your troubles are among the most ordinary kind which arise to worry lovers, and they will all disappear as the course of true love runs on, without your needing to make any efforts to overcome them. But you must make up your mind to have to encounter much more serious troubles, which are sure yet to beset your path. So you had better use the trifling annoyances of the present as a means of discipline and of preparation for the more grievous ones that may come in the future.

A CONSTANT READER.—Your friend is correct; the cars ran first on the line he names. Neither of the roads referred to were even incorporated until more than two years after the time mentioned by you. The signature adopted by you, "A Constant Reader," is the *bete noir* of the Editor of the Bureau. Judging from your letter—both the language and style of which is excellent—we infer that your education and intelligence should have taught you better. We average daily from ten to fifteen communications signed either "A Constant Reader" or "An Old Subscriber," and they are always answered last. We take this occasion to give correspondents a gentle rap over the knuckles, knowing they cannot but take kindly that which is for our mutual benefit. Adopt some other signature, O gentle correspondents, and you'll hear from us all the sooner.

HIPPODROME.—A "steeple-chase" is so called from an old English term, where a pell-mell race took place for a church at a distance whose steeple was conspicuous. Hedges, fences, gates and ditches are to be cleared in this course, and sometimes small rivers are to be swam. In such contests upon race courses, fences or hurdles are improvised, behind which latter, ditches varying from six to twelve feet in width are dug. These of course are not on the line of course, as they would obstruct subsequent races, but are either outside or inside of it. Horses in a steeple-chase usually go round the course three times, making three miles. 2. The abbreviations you quote signify as follows: the letters "b. h." stand for bay horse; "blk. m.," black mare; "br. g.," brown gelding; "b. c.," bay colt; "ch. f.," chestnut filly; "g. c.," gray colt. We must confess that we ourselves are not well posted in all the technicalities of the turf, and as we suppose you are like us, non-sporting, we do not wonder at all this jargon being so incomprehensible to you.

YOUNGSTER P. B. A.—"When a young gentleman has a misunderstanding with a young lady, and is told by a friend that she and her sisters are angry, and had been saying harsh things concerning him, is it his place to speak to those young ladies first?" A good deal depends upon the nature of the "misunderstanding," and as to whether the young gentleman is very anxious about a reconciliation. If he is, then he must certainly make the first advances, as he cannot expect the young lady to do so. But if he does not care about making it up again, then the wisest thing for him to do, is to pay no attention to what to bears she and her sisters are saying about him; as if he attempts any explanation or remonstrance, he will only make matters worse, without any hope or possibility of ever clearing up the existing misunderstanding. 2. Pennsylvania is called the Keystone State on account of its position and importance. 3. We do not understand your question. 4. We thank you for your contribution to "Our Own Sphinx," which we shall very shortly publish.

B. C.—"What is the origin of the term 'Indian Summer?' and when does it occur? Have they any Indian Summer in England?" No, there is no such season known in the old world as Indian Summer. It is only in this country, and here we do not always have it, properly speaking. During the early settlement of this country, when agricultural pursuits were the chief occupation of the white men, the summer and early part of the fall were, as now, the chief seasons for gathering in crops, and these were made the occasion for peculiar enjoyment and festivity. The favorite period of the Indian was that time when the leaves fall rustling from the trees, the sun shines dimly through a hazy atmosphere, when the nights are free from frost and days moderately warm. This period, whenever it occurred in the fall, either in October or November, and even sometimes as late as December, was always hailed by the Indians with delight. Fire was set to the dry leaves of the forest, which rapidly spread and drove the deer to where the Indians lay concealed, prepared for their destruction. Hence the Indian hunters would say to the European: "The white man's summer is past and gone, but the Indian's summer is come."

S. T. C.—It is your duty, if it appears that you have been to blame or that you have acted on erroneous opinions, to acknowledge it handsomely. Never attempt, against your own conscience, to justify a wrong by maintaining you are right; for the simple reason, that in so doing you are deceiving no one but yourself. It is an absolute duty to conquer this sort of silly pride, for a generous confession oftentimes more than atones for a fault, and it is merely a false shame which prevents us from openly confessing our errors. To those of an obstinate or sullen disposition, this will appear not only painful but impossible. It may be painful for a time; but the possession of such a temper is much more so. Still the conquest, though a difficult one, is by no means impossible. Try. If you don't succeed the first time, you will be none the worse, and all the better for the trial. Do not be discouraged by a first failure from renewing your efforts, for by every renewed effort your internal enemy, that obstinate spirit, will lose ground. Nothing, to our mind, is more noble or more endearing than a candid confession of wrong conduct, and nothing can be more satisfactory to the mind of them who are in fault than a frank acknowledgment of their error. There is a satisfaction, not only in the renewed esteem and tenderness we gain from those we love, but, also, in the relief which is experienced in having got rid of that which gave us disquietude, and in the knowledge that we have come off victorious in the conflict with our stubborn and obstinate disposition.

MISCELLANEOUS. — SHORTHAND. — The wages of shorthand reporters vary with their skill and the manner and place of employment. G. H.—The lady has always the privilege of recognizing the gentleman first. A. B. C.—In passing a crossing, the gentleman should go ahead to make way for the lady. A. L. P.—Clowns whiten their faces with suet and prepared chalk. MARINE.—The British Navy is by long odds the most powerful in the world. F. S.—Wet your hair in cold tea and curl it over pieces of black silk. A. A. F.—You have parents, and their advice is better than ours can possibly be. Seek it, and abide by their decision. L. C.—There is no particular form to be used in receiving an introduction. J. M.—Your suggestions shall be borne in mind. W. J. W.—No such arrangements can be made; there must be a regular divorce before either could legally marry again. JOSEPH.—All depends upon the terms of the documents. You should show them to some lawyer and get an opinion from him. M. V.—There are exceptions to all rules, and you may be one for all we can say. M. H.—We got the receipt from an excellent authority, but cannot vouch personally for its efficacy. ANDANTE.—Consult any musical primer or instruction book and you will find all the information you want.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*